JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 19, 1925 *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED NET SALE

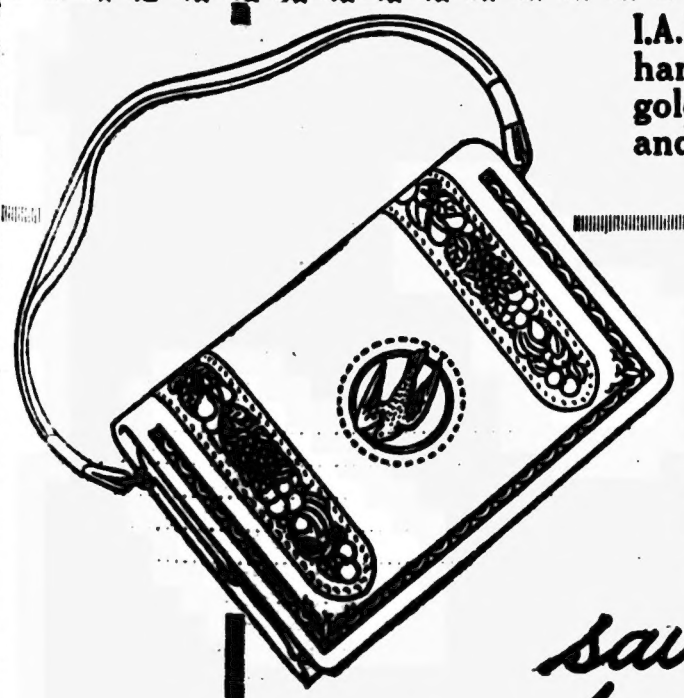
Vol. XXXVIII. No. 1000. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

A HAPPY XMAS to YOU

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS SHAM

by "WOODBINE WILLIE"



I.A.76. Sabretache Bag in antique leather, hand-painted embossed flap, with English gold tooling. A thoroughly well-made and serviceable bag. Boots Special Price **7/6**

POSTAGE 6d. EXTRA.

EVERY year increases the number of customers who find satisfaction in shopping at Boots Gift Departments. Moderate prices, perfect service, and the infinite variety of gifts - Silver, Cut Glass, Leather, Stationery, Books, Pictures, Cameras, Perfumery, Toilet Requisites, etc.—make Christmas Shopping a real pleasure.

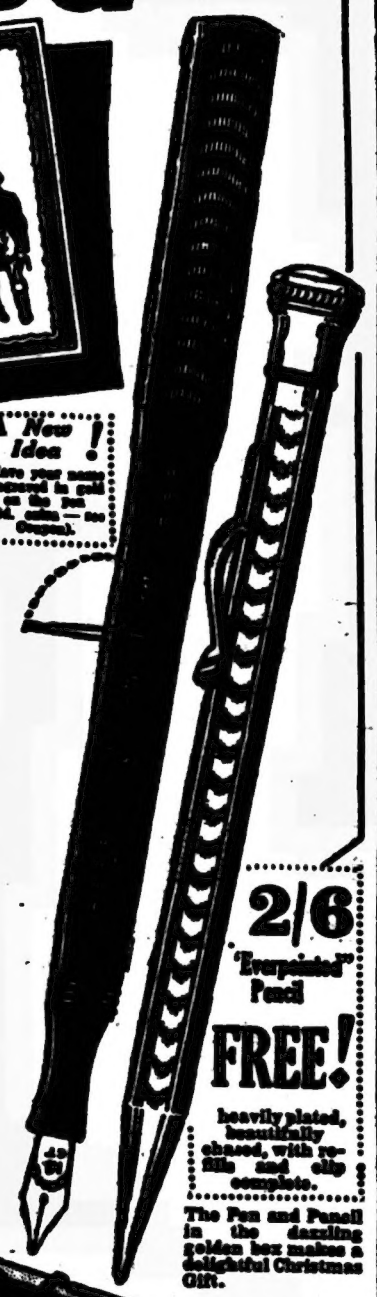
save money by shopping at Boots Gift Departments

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to YOU

JOHN BULL'S
Christmas Gift
Voucher
1/-
This Xmas Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Pen. Only one voucher will be taken in part payment for each Pen. Offer available until December 31, 1925.



A New Idea! Have your name engraved in gold on the pen (6d. extra — see Coupon).

Your last chance before Christmas!

YOU must accept "John Bull's" Christmas offer NOW if you wish to receive your Gift Set in time for Christmas.

And don't forget what magnificent GIFTS these superb Sets make! The Pen and the Pencil encased in the dazzling Golden Box is the Gift of the year—it will be the handsomest thing on the table on Christmas morning and will give a magical touch to the Christmas stocking. You're just in the nick of time for Christmas, BUT YOU MUST APPLY AT ONCE.

"John Bull" offers you :—

(1) A present of One Shilling in the form of the above Voucher, which on presentation, will be accepted as One Shilling Cash in part payment of the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, equal in every respect to Pens usually sold at double or treble the price. Fitted with 14-Ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, safety cap. A written two years' Guarantee with each pen.

(2) A Gift of a magnificent 2/6 Everpointed Pencil, heavily plated, complete with re-fills.

(3) A dazzling presentation Golden Box—the handsomest box that ever contained a pen. Cut out the Presentation Voucher above, attach to Coupon and post to-day. Don't be too late.

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil **FREE!**

heavily plated, beautifully chased, with re-fills and clip complete.

The Pen and Pencil in the dazzling golden box makes a delightful Christmas Gift.

Christmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Christmas Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (*which includes Postage and Insurance*).

(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (*Cross out grades not required.*)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.....

(*Write in capitals name desired.*)

Cross Cheque/P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B. 19.12.25.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE GIF

107 more cheques to "John Bull" readers

Space permits us to give a few names only.

FIRE—Up to £400.

HOLLY HALL, Nr. DUDLEY.—J. H. WILLIAMS, Sunny Side.
AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. J. SWEENIE, 4, Glasgow Vennel, Irvine.
LANCS.—Mrs. E. EGERLEY, 141, Market Street, Eccleston.
RIPON.—W. H. SPENCE, Railway Inn, 53, Stonebridge Gate.
ROTHERHAM.—J. T. BRADLEY, 2, Norwood Street, Dalton.
LEEDS.—Mrs. G. A. HUNTER, 2, Wilkinson Yard, Woodhouse Hill Road, Hunslet Carr.
PLUMSTEAD.—Mrs. F. EDDLESTON, 93, Maxey Road.
DALSTON.—Mrs. A. HARVEY, 198, Queen's Road.
PETERBOROUGH.—A. JACKSON, Methley House, Sawtry.
ABERDARE.—T. J. LLOYD, 40, Cardiff Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. H. DAY, 2/23, Malthouse Lane, Saltley.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. R. BURNETT, 84, Adelaide Terrace, Benwell.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—J. BURKE, 15, Amber Street.
ASTON.—A. TRAFDALE, 118, Witton Lane.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. BANNER, 11, Dove Road, Aintree.
BARNSLEY.—H. ARMITAGE, 59 Block, 1, Carr Lane, Havercroft.

STORM FLOODS—Up to £300.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. F. MILLINGTON, 5 Hse., 63, Court, Farm Street, Hockley.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. ROBINSON, 1/279, Lobfield Street, Hockley.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. READ, 66, Factory Road, Soho, Hockley.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. C. LEA, 74, Factory Road, Soho.
HULL.—J. F. DEBSON, 65, Council Avenue, Gipsyville.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. SOTHERTON, 76, Factory Road, Soho.
CARMARTHEN, S. WALES.—E. J. STEVENS, Brynhyfred Tyrfran, Llanelly.
SHEFFIELD.—A. H. HOLDEN, 51, Frecon Road, Manor Estate.
WALSALL.—Mrs. E. GWILT, Bk. 2/3, Hatherton Street.
THORNE, Nr. DONCASTER.—Mrs. A. BARNARD, 70, King Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. S. FRANKS, 8, Stoney Lane, Smethwick.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. L. SMITH, 324, Warwick Road, Sparkbrook.
WORCESTER.—Mrs. P. MASSEY, 4, Brades Row, Rounds Green.

SICKNESS BENEFITS—£5 5 0.

CARMARTHEN.—Mr. J. H. LEWIS, 9, Union Street.
BROUGHTON, Nr. BRIGG, LINCS.—G. MARSHALL, Vernon Cottage.
HIGHLEY, Nr. KIDDERMINSTER.—E. CARTWRIGHT, Junr., 1, Silverdale Terrace.
GREENSIDE, Nr. RYTON.—T. LITTLE, 1, Lansdale Cottages.
STAFFS.—Miss C. E. HART, 4, Meeting Lane, Brierley Hill.
BERKS.—Mrs. W. HEMMINGS, Hungerford Green, Aldworth.
SOMERSET.—Mrs. T. KING, 4, Northland Terr., Glastonbury.
LINCS.—Mrs. G. PADLEY, 58, Sydney Street, Cleethorpes.
OXON.—L. HAYNES, Hempton, Deddington.
MANSFIELD.—G. REVILL, 99, Moor Street.
HOLYHEAD.—Mrs. J. E. WILLIAMS, 25, Kingsland.
MAIDSTONE.—F. HEASMAN, 33, Milton Street.
PLYMOUTH.—W. J. ROACH, 10, Langham Place.
BURGH, R.S.O.—Mr. GEO. S. RANSON, Addlethorpe.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 per week.

COTTINGHAM.—Mrs. H. A. SHEPHERDSON, 4, Alice Ann's Bldgs., King Street.
BRISTOL.—J. B. TEMPLAR, 93, Dove Street, Kingsdown.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. R. HORTON, 315, Golden Hillock Road, Sparkhill.
BIRMINGHAM.—H. HEMUS, 9 3, Summer Hill Street, Parade.
WARRINGTON.—Mrs. M. DALE, 21, Florence Street, Latchford.
SHEFFIELD.—JAS. MCLEOD SMITH, 122, Napier Street.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—Mrs. A. C. BOREHAM, 25, Haldon Road.
HALTON, Nr. LEEDS.—Mr. CHAS. FRANCE, Temple View.
NETHER HEAGE, Nr. BELPER, DERBY.—Mrs. L. M. WILLIAMS, Guide Post.
BROXBURN, WEST LOTHIAN.—Mrs. M. S. MILLAR, Linns Bldgs., Old Town.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID 18,460.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 19/12/25.

CUT HERE. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

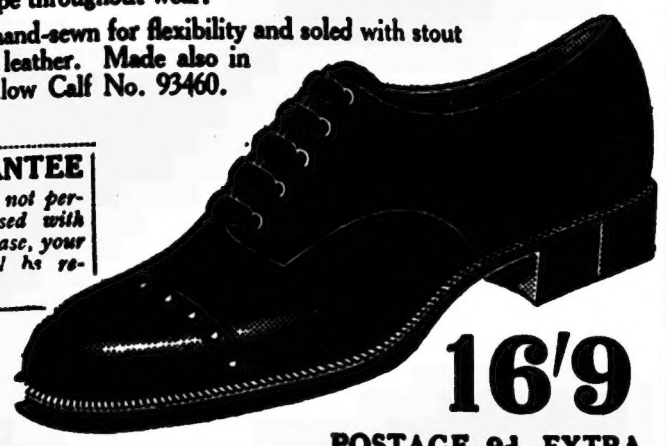
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 19/12/25.

You should buy this Shoe by post and save at least 5/-

If you ask for a shoe similar to this in any good-class shoe store you will be charged at least a guinea. The extra 5/- is the profit the shopkeeper wants. Jacksons, by selling direct from the factory, save you the extra profit.

This Model No. 93410 is one of a range of medium weight shoes for Winter wear. It is made from high quality Black Box Calf, perfectly cut and scrupulously finished in every detail. It will wear well and keep its shape throughout wear.

Welted as hand-sewn for flexibility and soled with stout oak-tanned leather. Made also in Brown Willow Calf No. 93460.



GUARANTEE
If you are not perfectly pleased with your purchase, your money will be refunded.

16/9

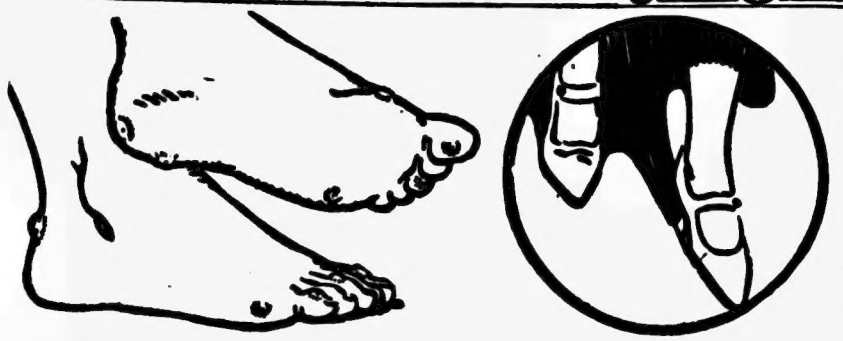
POSTAGE 9d. EXTRA.

WHEN ORDERING BY POST state size of shoe usually worn (if in doubt trace outline of stockinged foot on paper with pencil held upright). Give model number of sho and enclose 9d. extra for postage with your remittance.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

JACKSONS Ltd., Dept. 20, Victoria Works, STOCKPORT.

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS.



Corns Relieved at Last

Thanks to Radox

Again and again cases are brought to our attention where corn sufferers have gained relief from using Radox after all other treatments have failed. Read this remarkable letter:—

"I purchased a large packet of Radox Bath Salts when you first placed it on the market. I think I was the first in ——— to do so. Dr.———, of ———, said he never saw a worse pair of feet after examining my wife's feet. We have corn lotions from hospitals and recommended by doctor to send to Wales for a certain corn paint, but they did not only burn the corn but the other part of the feet as well, and made them so terribly sore that she could scarcely walk, and many times she could have cried with pain, it was so intense.

"She got great comfort through using your Radox Bath Salts. It took that terrible soreness away. She has had corns and segs since she was a girl and some on the soles of her feet are as big as a shilling, and as hard as flint, thirteen in number on toes and soles, and Radox has given her the most relief of anything she has ever used."

"27th Sept., 1925. "W. H."

When you put your feet into a foot bath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

After all — old friends are best!

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

10 for 6d
20 for 1/-

Made entirely of Virginia Tobacco

W.185

W. D. & H. O. WILLS
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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These Advertisers give Satisfaction—guarantee it.

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Gifts that will Please

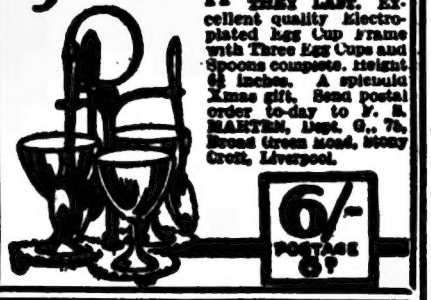
66 POSTAGE 9D

IMMEDIATE DESPATCH GUARANTEED

11/6 POSTAGE 9D

OVAL WAITER, heavy nickel plate, beautifully chased, length 22½ ins., width 13½ ins. Looks like silver, will wear like silver throughout. Sheffield make. Will last a lifetime. 6/- only. Post 9d. STAINLESS SHEFFIELD CUTLERY. 6 Stainless tea knives, coloured handles (non-inflammable), 6 Stainless Nickel Tea Spoons, and pair of Sugar Tongs. Perfect finish. In fitted presentation case. A delightful gift. Only 11/6. Post 9d. Satisfaction or money back. LOMAX BROS., 281-283a, London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex. Make cheques, etc., payable to Lomax Bros., and cross "& Co."

special xmas Gift offer!



HALF PRICE WHILE THEY LAST. Excellent quality Electro-plated Egg Cup Frame with Three Egg Cups and Spoons complete. Height 6½ inches. A splendid Xmas gift. Send postal order to-day to F. B. MANTEM, Dept. G., 78, Broad Green Road, Stony Croft, Liverpool.

6/- POSTAGE 8D

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3/-

FOR Amateur Theatricals and Detectives, Ideal for Christmas Parties, etc. Original and instructive.

MAKE-UP BOX

contains everything essential to the art of making-up—Rouge, Grease Paint, Cold Cream, Face Powder and Puff, Lining Stick, False Moustache with spirit gum for fastening, including "Hints on the Use of Material," complete in handy pocket size box. All materials are of the best quality. Send to-day Post and secure one for Free Christmas. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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ARE REPUTED TO REALLY BRING GOOD-LUCK.

These rings were sold at the Burma Treasure House, Wembley, and many letters describing resultant good fortune are available.

TEST ONE FREE.

Send size and receive one for free test. If elective send 2/6, or return ring within 7 days

I have sending 2/6 with order will receive with the ring a small genuine Mother of Pearl Gift

2/6 EACH GOLD MOUNTED

WRITE TO-DAY, BOOK "G."

BURMA TREASURE HOUSE CO. 141, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY MAKE SUPPLIED ON EASY TERMS

BIG BARGAIN LIST FREE

We offer the pick of the World's Finest Horn or Hornless Gramophones at HALF SHOP PRICES on EASY TERMS to suit you. 5 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL with records complete. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

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24 Assorted fancy Hats 20 Streamers 12 Balloons and Airships 48 Assorted Novelties	}	Price 5/- Post free.
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The beautiful model illustrated is self-filling and fitted with 14-Carat Solid Gold Nib, Iridium Point, gilt Finish Pocket Clip, a marvel of British Manufacture and reliability. You can buy J.D. Pens with the assurance of absolute satisfaction or money back. Send now and state whether fine, medium or broad nib required.

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FREE A Full-size stick of Joyce Lycol Shaving Soap

Send for YOUR FREE GIFT NOW!

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WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

8/9 Untrimmed. Trimmed 13/9 as inch.

Any size to order.

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15/- down

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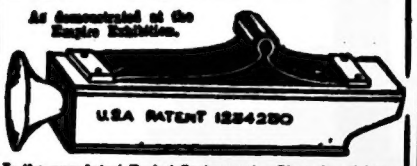
The SOLAPHONE



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Post free by return post with full instructions. 2/9 from the maker.

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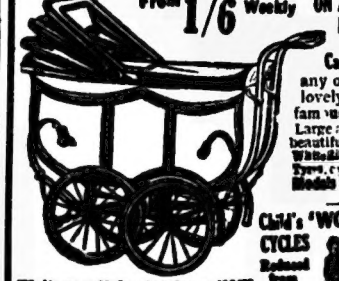
From 1/6 Weekly ON APPROVAL Packed free and Carriage Paid any one of our lovely world famous PRAMS



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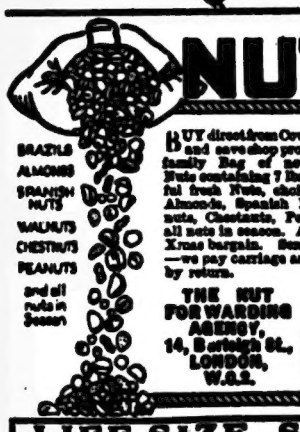
Child's 'WONDER' CYCLES Reduced from £5/5 to 39/6



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BUY direct from Covent Garden and save shop profits. Special family Bag of new season's Nuts containing 7 lbs. of beautiful fresh Nuts, choice Brazils, Almonds, Spanish Nuts, Walnuts, Chestnuts, Peanuts, and all nuts in season. A wonderful Xmas bargain. Send 5/- NOW—we pay carriage and despatch by return.

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7 lb 5/- CARR PAID

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THE PERFECT LITTLE TYPEWRITER FOR A XMAS PRESENT

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Instantly mastered—requires no learning. Gives you same quality work as a £20 machine. GUARANTEED for 12 months. Solid and sturdy. Weighs under 4 lb. Visible writing. 84 characters. Takes carbon copies.

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PER BOX OF 25, 2/6 POST PAID. PER BOX OF 50, 5/-

Approx. size of Balloons, 36 ins. when inflated. 10/- Approx. size of Airships, 24 x 18 ins. when inflated.

Each Box contains an Assortment.

TRUNIT PRACTICE GOLF BALLS, 1/6 each, 6 for 7/6, Post Free. The Ideal Xmas Gift.

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Talking Parrot with Cage from 30/-

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(20 x 16)

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Write name and address on back of photo.

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£12:12 for 16/6

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GUARANTEED to give better service than Washing Machines costing £12 12s. and even more, and which wear and tear the clothes. The "SWIFTSURE" Washer automatically sucks the dirt out and will not injure the most delicate fabric.

SEND NO MONEY.

We will willingly send you a "SWIFTSURE" Washer FREE OF CHARGE on 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If you are delighted with results you send us 16/6 which is the entire cost, and if not you return the Washer without any "shove." Could anything be fairer?

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Send 1/- as deposit and we will send you a Pair of Our World Famed Excellaite Adjustable Headphones, 4,000 Ohms. Test these against any other make (irrespective of price) and if not better results, return to us and we will recompense you. If perfectly satisfied, you send us 1/6 and then six monthly payments of 3/-, or 12/6 Cash in 7 Days. We have received over 1,000 Repeat Orders for these Phones in 3 weeks and have over 5,000 Unsolicited Testimonials. Latest Free Catalogue of Everything Wireless.

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SHOPKEEPERS and Beginners requiring cheap lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Write for illustrated Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

XMAS, N. Year Cards, Calendars.—120 1d. to 6d. (30/- with.), 10/-, 60 5/6, 30 3/-, 15 2/9.—J. B. Hughes, 366, Dudley Rd., B'gham.

LACE and Drapery wholesale. Free Xmas List. Bargains sent return. Handkchfs, curtains, hosiery. AbrilLace Dept.B.), 115/6, Houndsditch, E.C.

AGENTS WANTED.

FREEMAN'S Spare Time Agency. — See large Advert. on page 37.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a blanket club amongst friends. No outlay. Send for particulars.—Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

SPARE-TIME Employment.—Reliable persons in regular employment are required to accept agency to sell reliable goods, drapery, clothing, boots, etc., cash or easy payments. Liberal commission and splendid selection. 20/- can be earned weekly. No outlay; no £5 can be earned weekly. No outlay; no canvass.—Dept. 19, J. Turner, 16, The Arcade, Sutton Road, Bradford.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN £500 A YEAR? Splendid opportunities are open to trained salesmen. Firms of world-wide repute are eagerly looking for such men, and are prepared to pay handsomely for them. Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's foremost exponent of Scientific Salesmanship, is teaching, by post and Practical demonstrations, the Science of Selling to ambitious men. In six months and in your spare time you may qualify for a highly paid position as a Salesman, even if you have never sold anything in your life before. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day. — The Wallace Attwood College, 247, Bradford Row, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Chancery 7498.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 139, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit.—Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

BOYS WANTED; SPLENDID OPENINGS IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA; free farm training; assisted passages; ages 14 to 19.—Apply, Secretary, The Salvation Army, 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4, or 12, Pembroke Place, Liverpool.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN.—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid Job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

BECOME A CERTIFIED BOOK-KEEPER.—Postal tuition. 10/- month. Post found when qualified; fee returned. Booklet, testimonials free.—Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

A DEFINITE AGREEMENT REGARDING A POSITION as Commercial Traveller or Salesman is entered into with every student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in salesmanship. This instruction includes a series of PRACTICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Fees are refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for prospectus.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 50, Chancery, W.C.2, and at Manchester and Glasgow.

WONDERFUL PROFITS IN SWEETS. Lessons given personally or by mail in sweets and Chocolates. Latest American methods. No special appliances, kitchen utensils only. Pupils are rushed with Xmas orders. Enclose 2d. stamp for postage. Ingredients supplied, small quantities for sale.—Liberty Candy Co., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

$3 BOYS wanted monthly for Queensland farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, 419 Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay, All found. Excellent chances of promotion.—Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE in 20 Provincial papers for £5/-? Others covering London, England, Wales, 3/6, 6/6, 7/10 and 14/-.—Prospectus, Deacon's (Series Dept. 60), 160, Strand, W.C.2.

MILLIONS Purchase by Mail-Order. Start your own business under Noble Bros.' (Nottingham) Co-operation Scheme.—Write Desk Agent, Noble Bros., Phœnix House, Oxford St., W.1.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 weekly. Special attention to Widows and Invalids. Write for advice and list H. to Cranbourne (Dept. J.B.), 149, Houndsditch, E.C.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6, Memo fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Greteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE is the World's Greatest Gramophone Bargain. Made entirely in the Graves Gramophone Works. Easy payments. Catlg. free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

LOOK, USEFUL PRESENTS.—Army Boots, 10/6, 12/6; Socks, 1/3; Cord Breeches, 10/6, 12/6; Leggings 4/6, 7/6; Grey Shirts, 6/-; Oilskin Suits, 12/6, 21/-; Leather Waistcoats, 6/-; various Capes; Horses' Loin-cloths, 5/6; Rubber Boots, all kinds; Blankets, 4/6; Rubber Sheets, 6 x 3, 3/6; Overcoats, 14/6; Waterproof covers, any size, 1/3 sq. yd., made up. Carriage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—GASSON & SONS, Rye. Est. 126 years.

GUNS, Rifles, Pistols, Cartridges, Fishing Tackle. Several Bargains. Low prices. List free. —Webster (J.B.), 41, Newington Butts, S.E.11.

DUNKLEY FRAMS.—Free Cot offer.—Particulars, Manageress, 36, Dunkley House, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

CHINA & CROCKERY.—Mixed crates cn appro. fr. 30/- for Beginners, Hawkers, Markets. Lists free.—Harvey Pottery, Longton, Staffs.

GREAT Cutlery Bargains — Best quality Firth's Stainless Cutlery, 40/- worth offered at the bargain price of 19/-. 50 pieces 42/-. Splendid value.—Write for illustrated lists to The Universal Cutlery Store, 48, Tavistock Street, Nelson, Lancs.

IDEAL Xmas Gifts.—Wonderful Watches at ridiculously low prices, from 7/6 up to 75/- are shown in Watts Son & Co.'s large advertisement on page 27 of this issue. Each is a rare bargain, backed by *John Bull's* satisfaction or money back guarantee. We have thousands of satisfied customers all over the world, and have sold goods direct to J.B. readers for years. Turn to page 27 and send to-day.

GRAMOPHONES, Records, Motors, Tonearms, Sound Boxes and Jazz Sets. Cat free. Wireless Sets and Parts. 150 pp. Catalogue 3d.—BURT'S 366, York Rd., London, S.W.18.

The Happy Gift—

There's a smile in every piece

Santa Claus is delivering his happy load at your confectioner's. Ask to see the Mackintosh Christmas Specialities—choose the happy gift.

Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe

Made by

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD., HALIFAX.

GUNS, Sporting Tackle, Nets, Traps, Long Rabbit Nets, etc. 48-page Catalogue free. Easy terms.—Young (J.), Misterton, Somerset.

PICTURE POSTCARDS for Theatrical Companies, Concert Parties, Players, etc., reproduced in best quality only, glossy or matt, in large or small quantities. Prices on application. — Picture Postcard Department, 23, Endell Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FREE, a genuine full-size stick of Jeyes' Lysol Shaving Soap. Accept the offer made in page 4.

FLOOR COVERINGS. — Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp-proof, Rot-proof, Sanitary. For any kind of floor, 2/- per sq. yd., carr. paid. Samples free.—C. Jones & Son (Dept. J.B.), 60, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory direct. Enormous saving. Agents wanted. Stamp for lists (J.B.) and Particulars.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

CHEAPEST CHINA.—Crockery for Beginners. Crates from 21/-. 200 articles 15/6. Lists free —Bridge Street Pottery Co., Burslem.

FURNISHERS, Auctioneers. Please Note Now on View: 200 Chesterfield suites, new and Re-upholstered, tapestry £6 15s., Moquette £8 15s., Rexine, tapestry £6 15s., Moquette £8 15s., Rexine £9 10s., Hide £13 13s. All drop end; others 5 to 45 gns. Low price accepted for the whole or part; bills accepted.—Mr. Phillip, 202-212, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?—Perhaps the offers on page 4 will solve the question for you. The J.D. Fountain Pen advertised here makes a most acceptable gift, so does the Oval Walter and Cutlery offered by Lomax Bros., but there are 20 offers altogether—all bargains and all guaranteed by *John Bull*. Read them NOW.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

MARKETING BY POST.

BUY TEA First Hand. China fr. 1/8, Indian 1/8 lb., Dust fr. 1/4, carr. paid 10 lb. List free.—Allan's, 41, Gt. Tower St., E.C.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 180, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Cambs., South St., London, E.C.2.

JAZZ Outfits, Ukuleles, Musical Instruments, Gramophones. Write for list.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe-rd., Middlesbrough.

SENSATIONAL Offer.—Your latest Song Hits, two fox-trots, two waltzes, 1/6 post free. Money refunded if not satisfied.—Gilbert Music Co., 115, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

DON'T be out of it this Christmas. Anyone can play Jazz-Organophone, 1/6, from Curtis, 10, Pollitt Street, Grimsby.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS For All.—Great bargains. Easy payments. Complete sets from 30/-. List free. —World's Wireless Stores, Wallington.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE.—Leave the overcrowded labour market and learn something new. We teach Swedish Massage and all modern Manipulative Treatments at very low fees. Send for bklt. and learn what others have been able to do.—47, Swan Institute, Portsmouth.

SONG-WRITING Competition. Money-making opportunities for spare-time work. Cash Prizes. Most fascinating and profitable Hobby. Full particulars, B.S.S. (Dept. J.2), Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GARDENING.

150 FLOWERING BULBS, 2/6; 6 Hyacinths, 10 Tulips, 20 Daffs., 20 Narcissus, 20 Iris, 20 Crocus, 10 Jonquils, 25 assorted Bulbs, carr. paid, 5/-.—Letts & Son, Nurserymen, 70, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-35, Colmor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE Stomach Troubles, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6. —Energot, 12, Beaborough Gardens, S.W.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES. — To prove the value of "Protyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY Absolutely FREE.—B. E. Protyn Laboratories, 116, Fairbright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/- bot., at Boots' or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for booklet.

RHEUMATISM, Sprains, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis cured. Amazing results. Complete FRANSILENE Treatment, 3/-, at all Chemists or by post, 5/6.—FRANCE, 109, Waverton Road, Liverpool.

NERVES.—Famous Nerve Specialist's prescription for Neurasthenia, Lost Vitality, Weakness, etc., "POTENTOL," positively cures; success or orders. Satisfaction or money back. Booklet free. Ord & Co., 101, Jermyn Street, London.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ABSOLUTELY TOP Prices paid for Jewellery, gold, silver, etc. No quantity too small. Post or call.—Benson's, 215, Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewlry., diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap. Highest cash prices by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Big Prices for Metal Plates. Utmost value assured also for Vulcanite Plates, Jewellery, Gold, Silver, Platinum, Call or post to biggest buyers.—HARRIS & Co., 217, Piccadilly, W.1 (opp. Swan & Edgar).

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, green-fly and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO," the Sure Killer.

KARAH.—Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture. Quite new. Special process. Cool, sweet, lasting, economical. Free from nicotine. 4-oz. 1/6, 8-oz. 2/9, 16-oz. 5/4. Post free.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford, Lincs.

CHIC Parisienne Girl Postcards. Sets, Sections and lists, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-. Exclusive print for Art Students.—B. J. Leon, 6, Norton St., Liverpool.

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30 PIECES, 30 SHILLINGS

The World's finest Cutlery Value Every piece warranted best quality

Graves 'Thirty' Service Contains: 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives with Ivory-grained handles, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 1 Table Spoon, 1 Soup Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon (all warranted to wear white Sheffield steel) and 1 pr Genuine Sheffield Steel Carvers with finest Ivorette handles. Price 30/-

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Thirty' service to approved orders for 2/- now, and 2/- monthly. Money back if not all anticipated. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c. Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

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COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED BY BLUE-JAY.

INQUESTS have been held in London on two persons who died from Gangrene set up by corn cutting (vide Daily Paper).

These lives could have been saved by Blue-jay, the scientific Corn Remedy. Why take risks?

Blue-jay for corns. No corn can resist Blue-jay. It takes out the corn—root and all—without pain or discomfort. A second treatment is rarely necessary.

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The safe way to completely remove hard corns, soft corns, bunions, warts.

Blue-jay is sold by all Chemists and Stores in two forms, plasters or liquid. Use the form you like best. 2s. per package, post free.

FREE COUPON

Please send me free of all cost Sample Plaster and Illustrated Booklet "All About Corns."

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ADDRESS .....

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." 19/12/25 On receipt of Postal Order for we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussels 12/6

Real Seamless Woven Guaranteed Genuine Bargains

Average 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns & fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room

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These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 19/12/25, when writing. Established over Half a Century.

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1/6 Weekly

is all you pay for a Hawkes' Gramophone or 3/6 weekly buys a superbly made Hawkes' Model with richly coloured horn, solid mahogany, large steel motor, a marvellously loud Sound Reproducer. Sent forth 40 record cardigan, paid on 10 Days' FREE TRIAL. Cabinet Models and Table Grands at very low prices. Write for lists.

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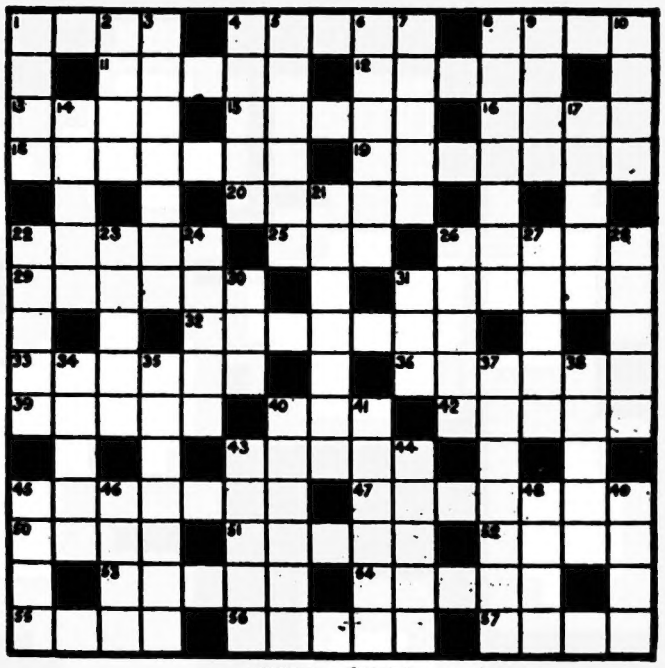
. . . meaning that cosy place in the home where you sit and puzzle out the elusive words. "Fireside"—that's it. Now get your pencil and be lost in thought.



ACROSS CLUES

1. Below.
4. Bitter.
8. Pool.
11. Rugged.
12. Highest peak in Britain.
13. Water trench.
15. Weapon.
16. Tell secrets.
18. Dress.
19. Fragrant.
20. Expression
22. Male oxen.
25. Raised sand.
26. Spiral nail.
29. French city.
31. A globe.
32. Work.
33. Bird enclosure.
36. To lament.
39. French measure.
40. Label.
42. Corroded.
43. Rancid.
45. The least quantity.
47. Fast warship.
50. Horizontal opening into mine.
51. A carousal.
52. Responsibility.
53. Straight.
54. A heathen.
55. Sarcastic grin.
56. Belief in God but not religion.
57. Page of a book.

DOWN CLUES

1. Former Russian Parliament.
2. A cloak.
3. Outstanding.
4. A tag.
5. Swiss villa.
6. Revenue.
7. Documents.
8. Air played on bagpipes.
9. Norway's capital.
10. Flat fish.
14. A drug.
17. Boring tool.
21. Retire.
22. Trifling.
23. Bounds.
24. Audible breathing.
26. Native weapon.
27. French city.
28. Tired.
30. Secretly observe.
31. Pig's enclosure.
34. Brilliant.
35. Referee.
37. Melodious.
38. Upper atmosphere.
40. Place of worship.
41. Arm muscles.
43. Melted.
44. A reverie.
45. The post.
46. Egyptian river.
48. Sober.
49. Chain of rocks.

Keep your boys at home

You can have your own billiard table by sending a P.O. for 14/-

Think what a Riley "Home" Billiard Table would mean in your home during the long Winter evenings, and send a postal order to-night. You will receive the popular size 6 ft. "Home" Billiard Table (Cash Price £11 15s. 0d.) to rest on your dining table, carriage paid and in free packing case. The balance you pay monthly while you play. Other sizes are shown opposite.

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARD TABLES are built on the same principle as the famous Riley's Full-size Tables, and yield a perfect game. These are the various sizes:

4 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 4 in.	£7	0s.	or in 12 monthly payments of	8/6	
5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 10 in.	£9	0s.		11/-	
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7 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.	£15	0s.		18/-	
8 ft. 4 in. x 4 ft. 4 in.	£21	10s.		26/-	

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES. Perfect in every detail. Easily adjusted in a few seconds. Supplied in any shade to match your furniture. Cash prices from £22 10s. or in 13 or 20 monthly payments

7 Days' Free Trial Given.

Riley's are the well-known makers of large tables for Hotel, Club, Institute, etc. Write for particulars. Also Repairs and Accessories.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON

And at (Dept. 20), 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 2/6

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Broken and Unbroken

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GRASSHOPPER, LIMITED, 96, NORTH ROAD, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.

"Bullets" & £1 Prize-winners:

(Continued from page 39)

E. Sharpe, Highfield, Home Park Rd., Wimbledon; Miss S. Shearn, 50, Hampstead Rd., Bradford; Bristol; A. Sherwood, The Stores, Town St., Pinxton, Notts; R. Shute, 75, The Avenue, Maxwell Hill, Swanley; W. Simmonds, Red Bungalow, Pwllypant, nr. Caerphilly; F. Smith, 80, Albert St., Colchester; Cooper Smith, 7, Victor Park, Consterphine, Edinburgh; A. M. Stanley, 4, Alma Sq., Brook-bar., M.C.; Laurence Steel, c/o E. & M. O. Northumbrian Area, Catterick Camp, Yorks; G. Steele, 50, High Craigend, Kilsyth, N.B.; W. Stewart, 1, Dover St., Cowlairs, M/c.; A. T. Stobbs, Block 6, Royal National Hospital, Ventnor, I.O.W.; F. Tallford, 5, Arley Grove, Arnside, Yorks; H. Taylor, 7, Kenwyn St., Newton, M/c.; E. Thomas, 273, Fawcett Rd., Southsea; J. Tyrrell, 77, Stoneleigh Rd., Birchfield, B'ham.; H. Valentine, "Station Library," R.A.F., Halton, Bucks; J. Ward, 12, Hawthorn Rd., Preston; H. Warne, 28, Bold St., Wigan; J. L. Watson, 20, St. George's Av., Forest Gate, E.; J. Woollen, 143, Woodville St., St. Helens, Lancs.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 587.

1926	KICKING HIMSELF
HER RESOLUTION	SAID TO HER
HAPPY NEW YEAR	RED LIGHT
CUPID'S WORK	WHEN SHE'S PLAYING
LOOKING FOR A JOB	DECEPTIVE
MODERN ADAM	FOR BABY
A CLEAR ROAD	WHAT THE HERD SAID
LOVERS	WHEN PARTING
HEARD AT THE SALE	INNOCENTLY
STARTING	WHAT IS A BARGAIN

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupon on page 39, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 7. All Coupons so used must be marked clearly with the number 587 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 587, JOHN BULL, London Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 587.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

Compare With Yours

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T	E	A	K		T	E	D	D	Y		L	E	S	

Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue.

Ruptured?——

Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing—We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send the attached coupon to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below, and post it to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

Don't take our word for it—
Read what these people say:

Well Adapted for the Purpose.

Glenicle, Staffin, Skye.

I feel it my duty to write to you to say what great benefit I have derived from wearing it. It is so comfortable and so well adapted for the purpose that one is not conscious of the fact that he is actually wearing a belt.

I have found it so excellent in every way that I procured similar belts for several friends, and they are all loud in their praises of it, and, like myself, they will continue to use it.

You are quite at liberty to use both my testimonial and name, and I shall always recommend your Appliance to any one who I know is in need of such, as your Appliance deserves every praise.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ALEX. M'LEOD.

Cured in 7 Months.

Lissett, Lowthorpe, E. Yorks.

I am completely cured, and have not worn your Appliance for a year. I have been in the Army eight months, and have not felt my rupture, so I can truly say that after wearing your Appliance for seven months I am completely cured. I have advised my friends who have the same trouble to try the same. You may use this as you like.—Thanking you for my cure, yours truly,

HARRY MARSHALL.

Boy Cured—also Grandfather, 81.

Gaugh, Cabrach, by Rhynie, Banffs.

I must say your Appliance has proved the greatest comfort to our boy. He is perfectly cured, and does not need it now, and we cannot thank you enough. Also, his grandfather, 81, is cured, and can also do without the Appliance. You can use this as a testimonial.

ALEX. GORDON.

Comfortable and Happy—Cured.

Jura Forest, Jura, Argyll.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know how comfortable and happy I have been ever since I started to wear your wonderful Appliance. I can get about my work without the least inconvenience; and when I think of what I suffered whilst wearing a truss, I cannot speak too highly of your excellent invention. I am now completely cured.

You have my permission to use my letter, and I should be very pleased if it should be the means of helping to convince any poor sufferer of the benefit and comfort to be derived through wearing your Appliance. (Mrs.) DUNCAN CARMICHAEL.

Made a New Woman of Me.

127, Manchester Road, Clifton, Manchester.

Can honestly say the Appliance has made a new woman of me, as I have not been troubled by my rupture since wearing it. It has acted like a miracle, as I had no pleasure in life, and only wish I had sent for it earlier. Will strongly recommend it. My friend also finds it a wonderful invention. We thank you with all our hearts for easing our suffering. Make whatever use you like of this letter. (Mrs.) E. VALENTINE.

Straightforward Dealing.

Ashley Grange, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.

Having worn your Appliance for 14 months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. Shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall be only too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance. A. BROWN.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

Please remember we send our Appliance on Trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (387B), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... (Please write plainly)

.....

Why not give him this beautiful Cabinet of Craven 'A' Cigarettes for Christmas?

Express your Greetings with this CABINET of 200 CRAVEN 'A'

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Week ending Saturday, Dec. 19, 1925. Twopence. Vol. XXXVIII. No. L028.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

The Good Old Wish.

There's magic in the name of Christmas. It's the time to forget and forgive, to think tenderly of old sorrows, to look forward to new joys. It isn't the size or grandeur of the home that matters. It's the spirit in which the festival is kept. To all our readers, in the very best sense of the word, we wish A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

A Wasted Session.

The Parliamentary session now drawing to a close has been a fiasco for the Opposition. The Government meant to put on a few more Protective duties and to ignore unemployment; it has done both.

Dilly-dallying.

The Labour Party let half the session go by before even thinking of showing real fight. Confronted by George Lansbury's demand to force the question of unemployment by organised obstruction, the Party initiated a private discussion of methods—and adjourned it.

Storms to Come.

The "ginger" group of Labour has come to stay, even if it means a split. Wheatley and Maxton absented themselves from the Party powwow because they knew it to be futile.

Breaking Pledges.

The Tories are off, riding hell for leather for full-blown Protection. There's still time to call a halt. But only if the electorate puts its bristles up.

Taxation by Fiat.

A Select Committee to thrash out the multiplying Protection demands is necessary if Parliament is not to be a mere registrar of Cabinet decrees. The Minister of Trade's attitude is too much "Cut the cackle and get to the voting."

Before—

On June 22 last, immediately before the reimposition of the McKenna Duties on imported motor-cars, the number of unemployed in the British motor industry was 12,132.

—And After.

On October 26, after the motor industry had experienced nearly four months of Protection, the number of unemployed was 15,424, an increase of 3,292. Whoever benefits by Protection it clearly isn't the workers.

Uniting on the Land.

The Liberal Party is not going to commit suicide by splitting on the land question. Mr. Lloyd George has placed a policy before his Party. It can be driven out of the field only by a better one.

Why They Fradge.

As for the factiousness between Liberal "headquarters" and the Land and Nation League, a proposed amalgamation of political "machines" always meets the same obstruction. Officials (honorary or otherwise) fear losing their jobs.

Make 'Em All Peers!

A lovely epidemic of new peers is expected shortly. Rumour runs the names of Jix and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister together for honours. It's a fine idea. Why not Mr. Amery for the Upper House also? Mr. Baldwin could find no neater way to accomplish welcome changes in the Cabinet.

A Government Ramp.

If anything could add to the odium incurred by the Treasury by its "diddling" of civilian war victims, it is the disclosure of the enormous profit made by the Government from air raid insurance. Premiums collected exceeded claims paid by more than £11,000,000.

"That Patient Beast."

Congratulations on Ulster and the Free State getting heartily together for any purpose. But the boundary settlement had to be purchased, and the price (as usual) is paid by the British Treasury.

A Danger Spot.

Now that the League of Nations procedure has shown that the only sane way of ending the Mosul dispute with Turkey is a settlement by consent, the Government has no excuse for not giving Parliament the clearest pledges. Mr. Amery must not have a free hand to muddle us into war.

We Agree.

"If a friendly agreement with the Turks is not reached on the question of Mosul, then there will be danger of war." Thus the *Daily Mail*. As a terse pronouncement on the situation threatening it cannot be bettered.

Open Warning.

That the Turks for months have been massing troops and buying mines to lay in the Dardanelles, and that their statesmen have been preparing the nation to fight for recovery of Mosul, should not affect the issue. So far as the will of the British public is concerned, we are tired of pouring out money in Mesopotamia. That's enough.

"JOHN BULL" pays 107 more Insurance Benefits
TOTAL NOW 18 460

Trade Union Steadiness.

The International Federation of Trade Unions calls a check to interference by Moscow. It's a wise attitude, and had it been adopted sooner Europe would have been saved a lot of bother.

The Food Gamblers.

Another shilling rise on flour and the pre-war fourpenny loaf leaps to tenpence. Starving the poor brought revolution to France. If the Government can think at all, let it think of that.

Tea to Rise?

Experts threaten a rise on tea of 2d. or 3d. per pound for Christmas. In view of profits up to 50 per cent. and over made by tea companies it's wickod. Greed sees a chance to line its pocket from the humble festivities of the poorest.

Fruit Profiteering.

Apples for which Kentish producers cannot obtain more than 1½d. a pound are being retailed at 6d. A margin of 300 per cent. over production price means a Merry Christmas for someone—not, unfortunately, the victimised housewife.

No Carol Fun for Kiddies.

Police at Leighton Buzzard have instructions to prosecute anyone singing carols in the street except within fourteen days of Christmas Day. Now we know where Dickens found his prototype of Scrooge.

Grief that is Selfish.

The proposal to cut Christmas cheerfulness because of Court mourning is curious. To put out of employment tens of thousands of workpeople is an insult, not a tribute, to the dead. The keynote of Queen Alexandra's life was thoughtfulness for others.

Hanging the Kaiser.

A British investor is offered by the German Reichsbank £25 for £1,000 holding he had of pre-war Prussian 3 per cent. Government stocks. The same Government proposes to give the Kaiser £1,500,000 in cash. Generosity before justice is the new rule.

Cocaine for Children.

Posing as a debonair commercial traveller, a mystery man is travelling the North and corrupting girls in towns like Manchester and Leeds with selling dope. It should be perfectly easy to trap this vile crook.

A Merited Sentence.

Vera Irene Mary Thibaut, a school teacher of Godalming, has at Old Bailey been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for sending foul letters and postcards to Mr. Tressler, a schoolmaster. Prison is the surest way to check these scandals.

THE WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Prince to his Town.

Birmingham University can this year say "A Merry Christmas" and mean it. Sir Charles Hyde has presented it with £100,000. Forty-nine and a bachelor, he prides himself on carrying on the good work begun by his father. To-day no finer work can be done than furthering education and making it accessible to all.

Birth Control Problems.

It is said that in some few cases private birth control clinics are being improperly made use of by unmarried women. If so the remedy is for the Ministry of Health to take them over, and insist that they shall be conducted on proper lines. Moral solicitude is no solution for the perplexities of the poor.

Murderous Folly.

Three years' Borstal treatment was a merciful sentence for Philip Cross, a seventeen-year-old lad, who placed sleepers and iron bars on the railway line at Woking. The only excuse offered was that he did not realise that he was imperilling the lives of passengers. Perhaps at Borstal Philip will grow a brain.

Archdeacon's Secret.

"Quite nice boys and girls from nice homes are being thrust into the undesirable atmosphere of night clubs and dancing halls, and in these places they do meet with very great dangers." What particular Yorkshire town had Archdeacon Cooper, of York, in mind when he revealed this to the Diocesan conference?

Angry Miners.

The trouble in the Welsh anthracite coal mines will not be got rid of by sending miners to prison for riotous behaviour. Here, as elsewhere, the Government is making the mistake of believing that force is the remedy for social discontent. The anthracite miners have a just grievance. The clear head must replace the strong hand.

The Human Factor.

In the passenger express collision at Hope, Derbyshire, grave responsibility was found to rest on the signalman. Automatic signalling on main lines is opposed by trade unions on the ground that it will displace labour, and by the companies on the score of expense. Neither of these considerations should be allowed to weigh against the safeguarding of passengers' lives.

We're Sorry Too.

When Frederick Searle, of Axminster, a man of twenty-five, was charged at Bridport with assaulting a little girl of seven, whom he found alone in a cottage during her mother's absence, the Bench expressed regret that it had no power to give more than six months' hard labour, because Searle asked to be dealt with summarily. The right of summary jurisdiction must be taken from such scoundrels. It is a crying scandal.

Hares among the Cabbages.

Hares Lord Sefton preserves near Ormskirk raided a field of farmer Thomas Haskayne, destroying his cabbages to the value of £40, and because the farmer shot at them without a licence he was hauled before the magistrates and fined 20s. In the face of such facts no one will question that the game laws need to be revised, or that Lord Sefton should pay Haskayne compensation for the damage done by his prowling hares.

A Good Idea.

Ruskin College, Oxford, founded in 1899 by two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Vroonman, is likely to be merged into a Labour University at Easton Lodge, the Essex seat of the Countess of Warwick, who has given it for that express purpose. The Trades Union Congress will undertake the building conversion, and students will be admitted from all over the world. Here is where Labour shows sound sense. It sees education as the only stable foundation on which democracy can build.

Plucky Lad.

A fifteen-year-old youngster at Hurst Green, Sussex, was summoned for hitting a man who insulted his mother. Invited to plead not guilty he proudly refused, and the magistrates in solemn form fined him one penny. Man and boy should now shake hands. The blows of chivalry leave no sting.

Our Soldiers' German Wives.

Since the Armistice nearly a thousand British soldiers in the Army of Occupation have married German women. Now that the troops are being withdrawn, the War Office should make it as easy as possible for these men, including those married "off the strength," to do the right thing by their wives. It is useless and mischievous to deplore these mixed marriages. Love is stronger than war.

Unspeakable Crimes.

The added publicity which, at the request of the judges, is being given to the crime of incest will be effective only if the penalties are severe. In sentencing Edward Wells, of Effingham, Surrey, to five years' penal servitude, Mr. Justice Avory evinced a proper detestation of this depraved scoundrel's offence against his thirteen-year-old daughter. Such crimes turn decent people sick.

A Risky Rule.

The Bradford Stipendiary expressed surprise when informed that sick persons conveyed to St. Luke's Hospital, a municipal institution, were required to sign a form before admission promising to pay for their treatment. It is not to be wondered at that such a regulation should give rise to disputes. Unless the rule is relaxed in extreme cases a patient one of these days may die with the pen in his hand.

The Human Machine

You're Wanted!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THERE are few things more astonishing than to come across a person who has no idea of his own value, or, rather, a person who is firmly convinced that he has no value at all!

I have met two or three recently who were astounded to find for the first time in their lives that somebody found their point of view interesting, enjoyed their conversation and took pleasure in their society.

Self-depreciation has its good side. As a course of self-criticism I admit its utility—as long as it is indulged in deliberately and followed up constructively.

It is when it becomes an unreasoning habit that it becomes a vice. It is so apt to turn into false modesty, and there are few things more irritating to other people.

It is foolish to bemoan the lack of friends, to wail that "nobody wants me," and to shut yourself up in a mental world of your own when by a little exertion you could become a normally-minded man among your fellows.

WHAT do you expect? That people who don't know you exist should come and search you out? Why should they?

Why don't you go out and find them? I often suspect that self-depreciation is a mixture of physical and mental laziness!

Certainly the art of making friends is the art of giving, the free giving of thought and ideas, of encouragement and cheer.

You can't expect to interest people if you don't talk, and you can't talk if you won't think!

*** *Many of the previous articles are now reprinted in book form under the title of "The Human Machine." (2s. 6d., Mills & Boon.)*

The Starvation Mongers.

It is useless for the Food Council to lay down a scale of bread prices unless means can be found to check the wild fluctuations in the cost of flour. The fact is, of course, that the council has begun at the wrong end. The wheat gamblers have got us by the throat.

Ignorance not Bliss.

"Ignorance is a very real danger to young people" is the opinion of Dr. J. C. Pickup, Wombwell's medical officer, and he justifies the condemnation of parents who are too sensitive to tell their children the truth. Were girls better informed there would be a reduction in the peril to those who leave home to earn a living in business and in service.

No Christmas Cheer.

When Christmas comes it may be a cheerless one for the many unfortunately without jobs in Nantwich, who have empty cupboards. The local guardians have decided not to grant a little extra to those who are struggling to keep their families outside the workhouse. It is not yet too late for the resolution to be rescinded, and it should be done—for the children's sake.

But they Didn't.

If the final arrangement in the memorandum drawn up by the Prussian Ministry of finance is accepted, the ex-Emperor of Germany will be in possession of £12,000,000, and the choice of four castles all his own for residence. "Hang the Kaiser" was a capital cry with which to gull the public. The reality is to make him one of the richest men in the whole world.

Two Heroes.

"Get the skipper first; we refuse to be rescued till you do." This is not a phrase from a stage melodrama, but the actual utterance of two members of the crew of a sinking Glasgow lighter. John McCormack and William Bell, battling with the freezing waters of the fogbound Clyde. When rescued both men were found to be badly injured. But their British hearts were sound.

Little, but Good.

Dr. Christopher Rolleston, medical officer of health for Rutland, has reason for just pride. In the past fifteen years only eleven women in his county have died from childbirth. With a death rate of four mothers per thousand births throughout the country, Rutland shows a bright gleam in a gloomy outlook. Moreover, it proves that death from childbirth is unnecessary sacrifice.

The Unadvertised.

In an age when so many notorieties and nonentities rush into print with self-praise it is refreshing to meet a man who prefers to be discreet. "I am not going to talk about myself; I have just done my duty," said P.C. Ivan Obree, whose job for thirty years has been to guard royalty, when asked for some yarns. If some of our generals and admirals had adopted the same attitude they would be more respected.

Nose Down.

"I put my nose to the grindstone" is Mr. Orlando Greenwood's explanation of his growing success as an artist. Mr. Greenwood was once a mill hand in Lancashire, and when he could not afford a model painted himself by means of mirrors. Lots of people think they can paint or write—it looks so easy. The grindstone apprenticeship soon eliminates the potterers. You must put your nose down to make things look up.

A Very Gallant Gentleman.

While unloading timber from a moored vessel in Victoria Dock, Hull, a docker fell into the water, dislocating his shoulder. Thomas Eccles, an unemployed workman, heard his cries and instantly slid down a rope hanging between the ship and the dockside. In imminent peril of being crushed to death, he held on grimly to the exhausted man until he was able to fasten him to a second rope which rescuers threw. It was a self-sacrificing deed. Eccles is too good a man to be left in the misery of unemployment.

Foreign Lotteries.

We are receiving numerous letters from readers who desire advice regarding foreign lottery schemes, and, judging from circulars before us, it would appear that several Continental agents are busily engaged in soliciting the British public in this respect. As there are no means of investigating these lotteries, and as no safeguard is offered, we would advise our readers not to entrust their money to perfect strangers abroad, however tempting the cash prizes may sound.

Lena the Jumper.

We sympathise with Mr. Philip Asprey, of New Bond Street, the latest victim of a woman who jumps to conclusions. He sat in a theatre next to Mrs. Lena Charlton, who had him arrested on a charge of stealing 10s. from her bag. At Bow Street it was proved that he was innocent. As Lena has thrice been convicted of soliciting and twice of stealing, we wonder at her readiness to run to the police, and certainly no less at the readiness of the police to listen to her uncorroborated yarn.

Cruel Ignorance.

Two Fife farmers were recently charged with cruelty to seventeen cattle by subjecting them to dishorning operations without applying a general anæsthetic. They both pleaded ignorance of the fact that the law required an anæsthetic to be administered in such cases, and escaped with the trifling fine of 40s. People who cause unnecessary suffering to dumb animals deserve to be very severely dealt with by the law, and it is a pity that these two barbarians were not taught a sharper lesson.

Worrying the Simple-Lifers.

Surveyors are harrying with ancient laws poor people who live in huts, caravans and old railway carriages. No doubt such dwellings offend the eyes of those who roll by in limousines, and they do not conform with town-planning rules, but they are home to thousands of humble folk who want to be left alone. Some are the "week-end cottages" of poor but handy town dwellers who are thus able to get a breath of fresh air and a chance of health.

The Limit.

Because he had to fetch the "dole" instead of having it taken to him, Walter John Williams, an unemployed clerk of Eleanor Road, Hackney, kicked up a shindy outside the exchange and, causing obstruction, had to be bound over at the local police court. The dry-rot of deterioration through lack of work and idleness can hardly go further. Williams is a portent that no Government can afford to ignore for long.

Another Folly of the Law.

Judge Turner, lecturing at Kirk Sandall, near Doncaster, referred to the "positively awful" mistakes made by unpaid magistrates, who have no knowledge of law and act on the instructions they get from their clerks. The presiding justice at a County Quarter Sessions is not paid for his services, but is elected by his fellow justices and need not be a trained lawyer. It is in his power to send a man to penal servitude. This is a state of affairs that should surely be altered if England is still a believer in fair play.

Raking Up the Past.

Two years ago we inserted a paragraph which criticised Mr. William Fish, of Mansford Street, Hackney Road, in connection with the conduct of his business as a dealer in German marks. Our criticism was confined to a particular transaction, and we are at a loss to understand why a public authority should, after this lapse of time, have seen fit to bring this matter up again in his disfavour. We have not the slightest reason for supposing that since the date of our paragraph there has been any occasion for anyone to criticise Mr. Fish.

Ex-Service Hoaxers.

Christmas cards are being peddled in Portsmouth by hawkers who call from door to door. Sixpence is asked for three very paltry cards that are probably worth a farthing each, and housewives are led to imagine that by purchasing them they will be directly benefiting an association that is concerned with the welfare of ex-Service men. This is, of course, an offshoot of the form of fraud which we exposed in our issue for November 28 as "The Great Doorstep Swindle."

Dope and the Dole.

From a Poplar reader comes the protest against the fact that there are numerous Chinese who attend the borough relieving offices to draw outdoor relief. These are the men who are living with white women in conditions which we have frequently described in these pages. Many of them are of the worst type—dope runners and scouts for fan-tan and dice dens. No doubt they consider England to be "a velly fine countlee," since they can laugh at the law and thrive upon the tax-payer.

An Amateur Agency.

"Agency, Brunswick Terrace, Bright Street, Hull." Having written these words at the head of a plain piece of cheap stationery, John H. Hall proceeds to proclaim his willingness to put a client on his "waiting list" and to fix her up with rooms at an early date. If she will send him a p.o. for 2s. 6d., he assures her that it will cover the "whole transaction." This latter statement we can quite believe, for transactions of this nature have an unhappy way of terminating immediately the fee is safely paid.

Not Philanthropists.

"We are not philanthropists. As business men we are doing this to make an arrangement that brings in money for both our client and ourselves." This statement, in the circular issued by W. D. S. Dunn and Co., is tendered as an explanation of their readiness to advance as much as £3,000 to an entire stranger to enable him to purchase a business. An investigation fee of £3 3s. is called for; but we would not advise anyone to pay over money to this firm until they have received something more convincing and tangible than the offers made in its unsigned circular.

A Stone's Throw.

We have already introduced E. M. Spikesman, who, operating under the name of "Stone and Company," conducts a home-employment fee-snatching scheme from various London addresses. An Ashton-under-Lyne reader answered his advertisement some time ago, but did not forward any money. Now he has been favoured with a circular from A. W. Saunders and Co., of 31, Prince Street, Bristol, which is very reminiscent of those issued by Stone and Company. Whatever the connection between the two firms may be, it is clear that Bristol is only a "Stone's" throw from London.

Silly Sales Service.

The H. Jack Sales Service, of 1, Bloomsbury Mansions, London, W.C.1, invite people to pay them a substantial fee in return for which they offer a complete course in sales-letter writing. They claim that Jack-Method letters are irresistible, but if their circular is a fair example of their art, we cannot conjure up much enthusiasm. They take two closely typewritten pages to say that the Jack-Method is a wonderful one! At that rate how many pages would they take to effect the sale of a shipment of merchandise? Four guineas, indeed! It would be dear at fourpence!

"JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT TO YOU.

LAST CHANCE BEFORE XMAS

See page 2.

Problems of Life

Healing Light

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ON Christmas Sunday evening last year I had a touching experience, the like of which I had never previously known. I conducted service at Heritage, the well-known Home for Crippled Children at Chailey in Sussex.

Dr. Levick

The beautiful chapel was charmingly decorated—most of it by the children themselves—and the altar was brilliantly illuminated. All other lights were extinguished except one in the shape of a star which hung at the entrance to the chancel.

The effect was singularly sweet, and I do not think any visitor could have failed to feel that we were in the presence of something sacred.

Almost the whole of the service except the address was taken by the poor little cripples. They sang like angels; they read the Lessons; they recited the responses more plainly and heartily than four ordinary congregations out of five.

IT was good to be there. The mystic altar light was shining right into our souls. All around us was an atmosphere of happiness and peace. The very pathos of the afflicted state of the children somehow helped to produce it.

Later on Dr. Levick, known to the public as a distinguished member of Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition, conducted me round the wards of which he has special charge, wherein the curative properties of artificial sunlight are brought to bear upon diseased bodies and limbs.

It was a pathetic sight, yet full of hope. Under concentrated rays lay little naked forms absorbing new life and strength. I was told that some almost magical results had been attained by the simple method of letting the light stream into bones and tissues that had been starved and warped for lack of it.

THERE is a great lesson in this, the constant lesson of the Christmas season. "The dayspring from on high has visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

Turn on the light and it will do its own work.

We cannot live without spiritual light any more than we can live without the light of the sun.

The light that came into the world when Mary's Child was born in Bethlehem, the light typified by the illumined altar and the shining star in the darkened church at the crippled children's service, was the light of heaven, the light the angels heralded as bringing peace on earth and goodwill among men.

I do not believe that any man who has ever yet seen that light as it truly is would wish to be without it. Fear and selfishness blind our eyes.

It is a light with healing in its wings. It will work miracles in hard, unhappy lives if it can only get in. It is the light of love.

PAPER'S SECRET SUBSCRIBERS

MUD THROUGH THE POST

Poison From Paris

THERE are rigorous laws framed in this country to prevent gross abuse of the liberty of the Press by the printing of obscene and objectionable literature. Owing to the absence of equivalent restrictions in the Post Office regulations, these laws are defied daily.

Every mail from France brings packets containing disgusting prints or periodicals which have been printed in Paris, and which are addressed primarily to "clients" in all parts of the country.

Young and old alike are being contaminated with this literature, and in one direction at least the menace is not confined to pollution of mind.

We have already made passing reference to a publication called *Jazz*, owned by Frenchmen, but printed in English, which makes notorious Parisian journals seem strait-laced by comparison.

We are now able to reveal the fact that the columns of *Jazz* are being used by white-slave traffickers and sex-perverts of the most debased type. Lurking in the background are the inevitable blackmailers, who lie in wait for fools who are tempted, while in Paris, to visit the dens advertised in this shameful journal.

A disquieting fact

The subscribers to *Jazz* are mainly English, and are scattered all over the country. They range from West End clubmen to secret debauchees in distant provincial towns.

But what is most disquieting is that many copies of the journal are finding their way into the public schools and to young people outside them. These young people need only write to the address of the paper, and it will be delivered to them under sealed cover.

Schoolmasters and others interested would be well advised to open all postal packets bearing the Paris postmark which come under their notice.

It is impossible to reprint in a family journal any of the typical articles printed weekly in *Jazz*, but we may quote some of the advertisements which, as we shall prove, have a sinister significance.

The scoundrels' co.umn

In a recent issue there appeared the following:—

> Marquis, Fr., 29, affectionate, refined, elegant, name well known, enjoying good health. Desires marriage with young lady or young widow, ladylike, pretty, distinguished. American, Canadian or English. *Very rich.* Write . . .

This, to the simple minded, would appear to be a genuine and perfectly innocent advertisement. But our own knowledge of the policy of *Jazz*, and of some of the scoundrels and harpies who habitually employ its columns for their own purposes, leads us to suspect its authenticity.

It is patent from advertisements in other parts of the paper that the proprietors are in close professional touch with some of the shadiest sides of the Paris underworld. That the "correspondence" columns are thrown to white-slave traffickers and perverts and deliberately used by them is proved up to the hilt.

Proof of the danger of the "Marquis" advertisement is afforded in a letter sent in reply, which our Paris correspondent was able to intercept:

> Monsieur,—I should so much like to meet you. I am a young English lady (23) living all alone in Paris. I am from a very old English family, which, like many old English families these days, is "stony broke." I am really looking for a rich gentleman who would help me, but in any case, I would like to meet you . . . etc.

Imagine the sequel. Here is a young English girl at the end of her resources in Paris. For all we could say to the contrary, she was replying to an advertisement inserted as a bait by a procuress. Who knows to what unknown hell the girl might ultimately be led?

Other intercepted letters afford abundant proof of the degraded mentality of many regular subscribers to the paper. They correspond with each other, as a preliminary to closer acquaintance either here or in Paris, through the medium of what is called the Esoteric Club, which has the editorial blessing of *Jazz*.

The purpose of the club is to "bring people of similar tastes in touch with one another, and to arrange for the exchange of photos, books, etc." It would be bad enough were the club really confined to "people of similar tastes."

Unfortunately, it is only too easy for young men or women who have made the first step in immorality to be pulled into the most evil depths of vice and degradation. As a test, our Paris correspondent replied to an apparently harmless letter from a member of the Esoteric Club.

Parisian tol.rance

It soon became evident that the latter, who, to the disgrace of the public service, holds an official position with the Government of Northern Ireland, is a disgusting pervert.

There are a host of his kind eager to meet and corrupt the young, and who are at liberty to make full use of *Jazz* for that purpose.

The Paris police, with their extraordinary "tolerance" towards vice of all kinds, are not likely to take action on their own account. But they will do so if our Home Secretary firmly insists that, so far as this country is concerned, the activities of *Jazz* be ended forthwith.

Girl's Sorry Plight

A Callous Control Board

WE have made constant reference to the callous attitude of the Board of Control towards young people who have been placed in industrial schools. Cases of wrongful detention are frequently being brought to our notice, yet the board appears to be utterly indifferent.

As a typical example of this, let us consider the sad plight of a young Yeovil girl, Gertrude Bessie Grinter, who is at present being detained at Yatton Hall, near Bristol.

* * *

When this unfortunate girl was thirteen years of age her parents agreed that she should go to the Grange Special School, at Street, for one year. She was later transferred to Yatton Hall without her parents' consent, and there she has remained.

She is now nearly nineteen, and though her parents have made untiring efforts to obtain her release, their appeals have been unheeded.

Now, Bessie Grinter is being employed at Yatton Hall to wait upon the staff and as a general servant. Yet, when her mother supported her appeal for the girl's release by presenting a letter from a lady who was willing to employ her in a similar capacity, it had no effect.

* * *

We have had the opportunity of perusing several letters which Bessie has written home to her parents, and they do not suggest any form of mental instability.

There can surely be very little wrong with a girl who is capable of performing responsible domestic duties, and who shows herself able to write rational letters.

Her parents are in poor circumstances, and had she been permitted to take up the position that was offered to her, it would have meant a welcome help to the family funds.

As it is, her father has to scrape and save to forward a weekly contribution towards the girl's maintenance at Yatton Hall.

The trouble is that the Board of Control have supreme power as administrators of the Mental Deficiency Act, and all appeals are dealt with by them. If they decree that Bessie Grinter shall remain a prisoner, cut off from her family, nothing can be done in the matter.

* * *

There are no facilities for an impartial inquiry into the merits of any case, and no matter how unjust the decisions of the board may be, they must be accepted as law.

Until this sorry state of affairs is remedied, Bessie Grinter and countless other young people are liable to be subjected to cruel injustice.

Shark-like Sharpers

£250,000 Without Security

WE are growing tired of reading reports in the press which deal with the unsavoury methods employed by moneylenders, and our post-bag is literally swamped with complaints of this nature every day of the week.

A reader sends us the advertisement of one R. Morris, which appeared in the *Liverpool Echo*. This obliging gentleman offers to lend sums from £25 to £250,000, if you please, without security!

Our reader got into touch with Morris with the intention of obtaining a very small loan, whereupon Morris called for a fee of 8s. to cover "expenses." Some delay followed, and when our reader wrote for his loan he was informed that his application was receiving attention.

Refusal and claim

A few days later Morris wrote that it would be necessary for his client to obtain the signatures of two responsible householders by way of guarantee. If that was done the matter would have his "further prompt attention."

Complaints of that sort are common enough, but it is the moneylenders who charge exorbitant rates of interest who form the greatest menace. Particularly notorious is the firm of Foster and Co., Ltd., of Old Bond Street, W.

Recently they appeared in Westminster County Court, where a Mr. W. Wilson applied for relief on the ground that a loan he had received from them was at excessive interest.

This gentleman had given a promissory note for £130 for a loan of £90, and when he got behind in his repayment he signed a further promissory note for £75 for the outstanding amount of £53. Later he sent a cheque for £55 in settlement, but it was refused, Foster and Co. claiming 130 per cent.

Astounding interest

A partner of the firm, Mr. Howard, stated in court that if the default clause, requiring repayment of the whole amount in one month on default, could be applied the interest would work out at 540 per cent. per annum!

Judge Sir Alfred Tobin found that the interest was excessive and fixed the rate at 60 per cent.

This recalls the judgment given in favour of the Rev. H. F. Davidson when Foster and Co. recently brought an action against him in the King's Bench. Mr. Davidson had effected a loan when hard pressed through the illness of his wife, and Foster and Co. were making a claim that worked out at 250 per cent.

Mr. Justice Finlay fixed the interest at 60 per cent., ruling that the money lenders must have their money back.

The whole question of such sharks is now at long last being dealt with by the Government. We can think of no other quarter in which drastic legislation is more needed.

Currie's Xmas Catch

A New Line of Business

OUR readers will need no fresh introduction to Wm. G. Currie, of 29, Downing Street, Manchester, whose particular form of trade lies in obtaining goods from people on credit which he is able to dispose of profitably since he seldom if ever pays his creditors anything.

Currie deals in almost anything from police capes to sardines, and just at present he is conducting a very busy Christmas campaign.

It appears that he finds his victims in a new field during the Christmas season, and that is why we now venture to warn farmers in a small way of business against falling for this rogue's wiles.

At the present time he is dealing in poultry, butter and eggs, and describes himself on his letter heading as a "wholesale dealer in all farm produce, fruit and flowers." He invites farmers to send consignments to him, and his circular is in the form of a price-list.

A quick sale

The prices are highly satisfactory, but Currie does not send any money in advance, neither does he offer any guarantee that payment will be made after the goods have been sent.

Currie is not, as his notepaper might suggest, in a big way of business. His 29, Downing Street address is not by any means a pretentious building, but an ordinary shop.

The moment his victim's goods arrive they are either sold at low prices in competition with honest traders or done up in parcels and sent away to buyers who he knows will pay cash.

The police have been inundated with complaints about Currie's past activities, and he is well known to them as a worthless person, an associate of thieves who has already "done time" for fraud. He is a man whom no farmer, or anyone else, should have dealings with, unless they wish to let themselves in for a load of trouble.

Premier and Downing Street

One of his concerns, about which the police received numerous complaints, was run until recently from the very same address. It was known as The Premier Supply Stores. Premier and Downing Street sound very well, and no doubt many dupes were influenced by this high-sounding address.

But the Premier Supply Stores was run on Currie's usual lines, and his activities in connection with this concern marked him throughout as a twister of the worst type.

So our warnings cannot be too strong. At this time of the year, when small farmers have fattened up poultry for the Christmas festival they are naturally anxious to dispose of them on the best possible terms; but we have no hesitation in saying that they stand an unusual opportunity of losing everything if they send their produce to Currie.

THE TYPEWRITER MYSTERY

A COUPLE'S TRAGIC PLIGHT

Callous Treatment of Employee-Investor

A CONCERN called the Harrington Standardised Typewriter Co., Ltd., of Southampton Row, W.C.1, has been the cause of our receiving a poignant letter describing the sufferings and tortures of an Englishman and his wife.

Their story is a terrible one and shows how serious are the hardships often caused by enterprising company promoters who offer work on the investment-with-employment plan in these days when employment is so hard to get.

The firm sent Mr. and Mrs. Cutler to India in February, 1923, and the couple went there because the rosiest prospects of wealth and success had been laid before them before they agreed to go.

Winning fame and fortune

So rosy indeed were the promises held out that Mr. Cutler was induced to part with £500 to the company before he got the Indian job which was to win him fame and fortune.

Gladly they sailed. On arrival at Bombay, they settled down to await instructions from the firm, but no instructions came.

The typewriters they were to sell did not come either. So, in a strange land, without a friend to help them in their growing anxiety, they waited unavailingly for news.

Cable after cable was dispatched to the Harrington Standardised Typewriter Co., Ltd. Quite apart from the expected instructions and goods, no salary had come to hand, and the position was growing serious.

Having invested their fortune in the concern before they left, they were soon without any resources. And as the cables for help increased in number, the dreary months passed, bringing added anxiety in their train.

Deferred hope

Eventually, in November, 1923, eight months after they had sailed, the firm awakened to its obligations and sent the stranded Englishman and his wife £100. When this was gone—it was already mortgaged—more appeals were sent to the firm in far-away London, but the position of affairs went from bad to worse.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutler have now been in India close on three years. They have heard nothing from the firm of a helpful character since they received that £100 in the winter of 1923. To-day they are out there thousands of miles from their friends, with little chance of getting back to their homeland, with a claim against the Harrington Standardised Typewriter Company of something like £2,000, which includes the £500 paid over in return for the position abroad which was to bring them wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Their savings have gone, their hopes are blighted, and their nerves shattered. "It has nearly killed us and our little baby two years old," Mrs. Cutler writes. "If the firm had only written and told us the true statement of affairs at the beginning, my husband could have got some sort of a makeshift post. But they did not. So we were always in hopes, hanging on as long as we could . . ."

A tragic plight indeed. But there is more in the letter yet. "We hope shortly to be sent home destitute, and are waiting for a boat which might be some time before it sails. . . . My husband is in Bombay hostel, which is very much like the workhouse in England."

A different picture

Very different, this misery and starvation, from the hopes of glorious success and prosperity held out by the Harrington Standardised Typewriter Company, Limited, when it lifted £500 from the poor fellow Cutler, and led him, by promises that were soon broken, to this cruel misfortune and despair.

What type of a company is it, then, which took this man's money in such scandalous circumstances? It was registered in October, 1919, and its chairman at the time was Frederick Charles Aloysius Harrington. From time to time since then there have been other directors, including Lord Rotherham of Broughton, and a gentleman named Harry Grigg.

The company has never been in a happy condition financially, and, from enquiries we have now made, it is clear that several other people were also induced to invest large sums in return for employment.

We have also established the fact that more than one of them was sent abroad with the object of opening up business on behalf of the company, only to find that it was not in a position to execute orders.

Eventually, the company went into liquidation, and in June last the Official Receiver issued a report to show that the concern had a total deficiency of £31,476, with assets estimated to realise £7,000, the real value of which was very doubtful.

Owing to the state of the books, it is difficult to know who were the directors of the company when the crash came, but the Official Receiver is of opinion that Lord Rotherham, with Harrington and Grigg and others, apparently formed the board at the date of liquidation.

There are many things in the liquidation report which appear to require some detailed explanation, but there is no need to go into all of them here.

Why failure came

One illuminating item, however, is that a motor-car purchased in March, 1923, for £175, was sold in April, 1924, for £10! Another is that the sum of £1,571 is written off for "preliminary expenses."

According to the audited balance-sheet in April, 1923, this amount includes a sum of £2,514 for travelling expenses—"English and Continental." These items will make very nice reading for Mr. Cutler.

So much for the Harrington Standarised Typewriter Company. But let us see what type of men were behind it? We cannot understand Lord Rotherham's position at all, but what of Mr. Harry Grigg?

Mr. Grigg is the gentleman who filed the statement of affairs after the collapse, and who attributes the failure of the company, amongst other things, to "absence of harmony in working between Harrington and the company's officials," whilst Harrington, in turn, gives his reason as due to the "mismanagement of other directors and officials."

Quite definitely we say that Harry Grigg is not new to this method of obtaining money from out-of-work people in return for employment with brilliant prospects of success. Some time ago, an advertisement appeared in the *Times* as under:

> Well-known manufacturing concern requires sales manager for showroom. Opportunity to earn £2,000 per annum. Investment £1,000 – £2,000. Write Box . . .

Two men, one job

The firm advertising was Messrs. Grigg, Ltd., concerned in the motor trade. Several people got in touch with Mr. Grigg through it. The Mr. Grigg they saw was the same Mr. Grigg who filed the statement of affairs in the disastrous Harrington Standardised Typewriter Company.

As a result of this advertisement several unemployed men invested money. They have lost it. Messrs. Grigg, Ltd., failed too, but only after something like £40,000 had been received from misled investors.

Take just one case as an example. Answering the above advertisement, a man put £500 into the business of Grigg, Ltd., to become a salaried store superintendent. He found that another man had been engaged for the same job on a similar financial basis, and also discovered to his amazement that, at the time he invested his money, something like £15,000 had been obtained.

The slippery slope

There was no work to be done and gradually the red light came. When no salaries were forthcoming either, the company went speedily down the slope to liquidation. This, too, will be very sorry reading for Mr. and Mrs. Cutler.

The manner in which the affairs of these companies were handled, and the dreadful effect they have had upon the poor investors who have got nothing but misery and starvation in return for their money, shows how really scandalous it is that our company laws are not immediately amended to prevent this sort of thing. What says the Board of Trade?

THE LIMIT IN HYPOCRISY

CLERIC'S CLOVEN HOOF

Brutes in Human Guise

THE time has come when we must make an emphatic protest against the inactivity on the part of the Home Office to deal effectively with the inadequacy of the law concerning criminal assaults upon little children.

The whole trouble centres round the fact that magistrates, in the present state of the law, are gravely restricted in their powers, although judges in the higher courts are enabled to deal with offenders much more drastically.

In view of this, can it be wondered at that most offenders prefer to plead guilty before magistrates? By doing so, they know that they are certain to get off fairly lightly, whereas a trial before judge and jury might lead them into penal servitude.

In a case at Tunstall Police Court, a man named Elkin was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and also with having indecently assaulted a girl of six. He was found guilty of both charges.

The magistrates—Mr. A. Cotton (presiding) and Mr. George Goodwin—have a curious idea of justice, for they sentenced Elkin to seven days for being drunk, and fourteen days with hard labour on the graver charge!

Cleverly not clever

A man named Harry Cleverly was not so wise as most of his fellow offenders. A few days ago he was charged at the Kent Assizes, before Mr. Justice Avory, with a criminal offence against a child of twelve. Cleverly was found guilty, and Mr. Justice Avory passed sentence of three years' penal servitude.

Lately there has been a rapid increase in indictments against people charged with offences of this dreadful character, and it is very disquieting that amongst their number are included men who hold positions which render their crimes all the more serious—headmasters of schools, scout masters, Church workers and Sunday-school teachers.

A dreadful case has just come to light in Glasgow, and in order to convince the Home Office that something must be done, and done quickly, to amend the law, we reveal the facts.

A hypocritical humbug

A man named George Guild, who has won fame in ecclesiastical circles as "The Singing Evangelist," has lately spent much of his time in holding missions for the purpose of propounding the Gospel in and around Glasgow, Coatbridge, Tobermory and Airdrie.

Guild was a wolf in sheep's clothing, a scoundrel who defamed the Sacred Book from which he preached.

In 1922, when he was conducting missions in Ireland, he left the country very suddenly. The only people who knew the real reason for his departure were the police and certain witnesses of a grave offence he had committed.

It is difficult to understand why the police, armed with the information in their possession, took three years to trace "The Singing Evangelist," for the amazing thing is that, although Guild has preached regularly all over the country ever since, he was only arrested a week or two ago.

After his offence he continued to hold services both in mission-halls and in the open air, achieving great success by his solo singing and by the large number of "converts" he obtained through his brilliant oratory, and a little while ago he induced many young men employed at a local distillery to throw up their jobs and join him in his "campaign for good."

This scoundrel in the guise of a cleric, was last week sent to prison for twelve months with hard labour, and he got off lightly in view of the serious character of his disgusting offences. If this rascal had been forced to stand his trial by judge and jury he would have been sent to penal servitude.

Take another case. Henry Harding, a foreman in the employ of the Warrington Corporation, recently subjected a little child of tender years to monstrous treatment in a cabin at one of the Corporation's depots.

He, too, did not elect to go for trial, but relied upon that extraordinary failing in our legal system which compels magistrates, no matter how they may feel, to mete out punishment which is scandalously inadequate.

A crying scandal

There were four charges against Harding altogether, and although the chairman of the Warrington Bench, Mr. W. Roberts, said it was one of the most painful cases they had ever had under consideration, they had no alternative but to allow the brute to escape with a six months' sentence.

Yet fellow rogues who plead "Not Guilty" to charges of this kind, and come before a judge and jury, get penal servitude!

How much longer are we to tolerate a law which enables rascals who, advised by their lawyers to take advantage of the restrictions placed on magistrates, get off with fines and short sentences? It is a scandal which must be put right without delay.

W. B. and V. R. Tattersall Vindicated

The Pall Mall Industrial Investments, Ltd.

WHILST JOHN BULL fearlessly exposes what it considers merits wide publicity, it has no hesitation whatever in making amends when it finds it has unwittingly misjudged an innocent person.

In the issue of JOHN BULL for December 5 we included an article under the heading "Pall Mall Pot Holes," in which we made some very disparaging statements regarding Mr. W. B. Tattersall, of Clayton Lodge, The Cliffs, Southend-on-Sea, and his son, Mr. V. R. Tattersall, of 23, Cranley Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

* * *

Since that article, we have made a thorough investigation of this company, and have now no hesitation in retracting the statements we then made and tendering our sincere apologies to both gentlemen for having made any aspersions on their characters.

The connection of Messrs. W. B. and V. R. Tattersall with the Pall Mall Industrial Investments, Ltd., is accounted for as follows: Mr. W. B. Tattersall during 1922 had occasion to buy currency for clients who required them to pay for goods bought abroad. This he bought from the Pall Mall Industrial Investments, Ltd., and passed on without any profit to himself. This was his first knowledge of this company.

* * *

Owing to the death of the largest shareholder in the Pall Mall Company, a large block of shares came on the market, and without properly appreciating the exact nature of the business of this company, Mr. Tattersall bought this block of shares for a sum of £14,000.

When he ultimately realised the nature of the business of the Pall Mall Company, he endeavoured unsuccessfully to dispose of his holding. Finally, toward the end of 1923, he gave the remaining shareholders the option of buying his shares, or, alternatively, selling their shares to him to enable him to wind up the business, threatening to put the business into liquidation in the event of the option not being acted on. They, however, sold their shares to Mr. W. B. Tattersall and automatically retired from the directorate.

The articles of association requiring two directors, Mr. V. R. Tattersall was nominated on the board in April, 1924, to comply with that legal requirement, until the business could be finally liquidated.

Since that date this company has not issued any circulars, nor solicited any business, so that our statement that these two gentleman are notorious share peddlers is incorrect.

At a cost to Mr. Tattersall of many thousands of pounds, every creditor and every client of the Pall Mall Industrial Investments, Ltd., has been promptly paid in full.

* * *

Our enquiries convince us that these two gentlemen are men of integrity, the businesses with which they are connected are in the very highest repute, and it is with the greatest pleasure that we are enabled to make this explanation.

Higate the Hoaxer

Fleecing Film Fans

IF film-struck people will follow our advice they will not listen to Mr. A. L. Higate, who generously offers to "make" film stars in return for a suitable fee.

In the first place the profession is an overcrowded one, and there are already many unemployed in its ranks.

Therefore, there is a very slender chance of anyone without experience getting a show, no matter how strongly they may be recommended by Higate or anyone else.

But, quite apart from that, Higate has recently been operating from Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.C., as the Marquis Film Company—a concern which our readers will remember as being one of the pet schemes of that arch-rogue Donald Heaysman, who, largely through our exposures, is now in jail for twelve months.

Absence safer

Higate is a notorious fee-snatcher and has been associated with Heaysman for many years. He played a big part in Heaysman's various bogus theatrical enterprises, and his name figures in the black list of the Actors' Association as a bogus manager.

Moreover, Higate has just been fined £8 and two guineas costs on summonses for failing to stamp health and unemployment cards belonging to one of his employees, Mr. R. Germaine, and for failing to return his cards at the termination of his employment.

Higate did not appear in court and it is interesting to note that he has absented himself in this way before, when charged with Heaysman of another offence.

On that occasion the magistrate commented very strongly on his absence and declared that he would have a warrant issued for his apprehension if he ever failed to appear again.

It is not really surprising that Higate did not appear in the present instance, for Mr. Germaine is one of seven clerks from whom Higate has obtained deposits in return for "confidential" posts which were not forthcoming. In this connection Higate has fleeced them of sums which total £550, and has actually changed his office six times!

Futile censure

But it is a great pity he was not there to hear the Lord Mayor's words of censure, which were to the effect that Higate had shown no consideration to his employees whatever, and had robbed them of benefits they should have been entitled to receive.

Censure is not enough, however. We think that Higate's affairs should be inquired into by the police, for there is no doubt that numerous people have been cruelly duped by him in one way or another.

Meanwhile, we would emphasise our warnings to the public to be on their guard, and to view any schemes of Higate's with distrust.

Bogeys and Bunkum

Making Profit from Grief

MONTHS ago we exposed Mrs. Deane, a woman who is now doing a remarkable trade at the Stead Bureau in "spirit photography."

The pitiful part of it is that Mrs. Deane and her confederates deal with a public made credulous with sorrow. They have no faith in the powers of their trickery to convince people who look at the matter from an unbiased point of view.

Tests which any honest, if misunderstood, person would welcome have been offered them time and again, and refused. They are not a simple people, endowed with supernatural gifts, as unfortunately many think, but folk well versed in trick photography and sleight of hand.

An enquiry on the lines of the one which was held some time ago by a group of eminent spiritualists can be satisfactory to neither one side nor the other Nothing less than a legal trial will suffice.

Lieut.-Col. R. H. Elliot, the chairman of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, a body of experts which has done much to discover the evil, gave us his views on the matter recently.

Simple trickery

The members of that committee, said the colonel, had approached the subject of "spirit photography" in a frame of mind which, if a trifle sceptical, was at least prepared to weigh all the evidence fairly. After much trouble they managed to secure interviews with several well-known mediums, notably a group known as the Crewe Circle.

By their knowledge of photography and some ingenious, though perfectly straightforward, tests, they proved that no "spirit extra," or, in other words, photograph of a spirit, appeared on any plate with which the medium had not been able to tamper.

Pamphlets were published setting forth the evidence, and by the application of mere commonsense it was apparent to every intelligent person that "spirit photography" was based on pure and simple trickery.

The evidence was incontrovertible and no attempt was made to question it. That would have meant too much coming out, and too much publicity to the failure to prove their case.

Happy hunting-ground

This form of fraud must soon attract the majority of unscrupulous men and women, because it has the distinction of being the only form of fraud against which no action is taken—a kind of scoundrels' happy hunting-ground, in fact.

Action against these people, nevertheless, is becoming imperative. The hour is ripe for the authorities to put an end to this form of fraud.

That the sorrows of bereaved people should be made the subject of commercial trickery is, in our opinion, the most loathsome feature of the whole business.

NUMSKULLS and CROSS-BONES

BUCCANEER TREASURE HUNT

The Golden Island

OLD stories never die, neither do they fade away. If anything, they gather strength with the passage of the years, and hardiest of a hardy race is the thrilling and romantic tale which tells of buried treasure; and if the treasure happens to be buried upon an island, so much the better. Treasure and an island go together—like duck and green peas or lamb and mint sauce.

A little while back we had something to say about two such stories. One was being told by a man named John Fenn, who was inviting subscriptions to his Peruvian Gold Expedition, which he declared would yield £1,000 for every £5 advanced.

The other was the copyright of the Gem Recovery Syndicate of South America (1925), which claimed to have exclusive knowledge of a vast horde of gold and precious stones supposed to be concealed in the regions of the Andes. Funds were wanted to equip an expedition, and both appealed for support.

We prophesied at the time that similar schemes would be almost sure to come to the public notice in the future, and our prophesy has been speedily fulfilled, for subscriptions are now being solicited on behalf of The Treasure Island Expedition.

Wonderful pictures

A Rotherham reader recently purchased some War Loan Stock, and since the transaction she has been pestered with solicitations from various sources. Almost the first of these solicitations came from The Treasure Island Expedition, and she asked our opinion of the scheme.

As a matter of fact, she is not alone, for countless people have written in with the same query, and we have amassed quite a little pile of literature relating to this interesting expedition.

The proprietor and general manager of the scheme is Mr. Lionel Lucas, and he is sending out his circulars from 44A, Dover Street, Piccadilly, London.

These circulars bear a reproduction of a romantic-looking island, complete with palms and reed huts, and there is also a portrait of Lieutenant Kealey, who is to be the commander of the expedition when it is finally financed and equipped.

The way to wealth

Lieutenant Kealey states that he has made exhaustive searches into the history of Cocos Island and that there is indisputable proof of the existence of treasure of immense value.

But the expedition is not to be confined to treasure-hunting. Scientists are to accompany the expedition and make a thorough exploration of the island with the expectation of making "many important discoveries in this hitherto unexplored and rich field."

It is also proposed to make a motion-picture record of the whole enterprise, and it is suggested that the profit on this film alone will more than repay the cost of the undertaking.

Accompanying this circular letter is a "Special Report" on "How to turn £1 into £50, and how it can be successfully accomplished." Needless to say, the answer to this is to subscribe to The Treasure Island Expedition and draw a *pro rata* share of the proceeds when the treasure is found.

This treasure, we are confidently told, amounts to the staggering sum of £7,000,000, and it was buried in 1818 by the pirate Benito, who obtained this vast plunder by rifling certain churches in Peru.

In or about 1826, it was substantially added to by one William Thompson, who had previously served under Benito.

The whole story is related in such a manner as to appeal to the imagination, and the history of the pirate Benito is outlined in vivid terms.

When Lieutenant Kealey has raised sufficient funds he proposes to proceed by liner to Panama with the other members of the expedition, and to charter a vessel there.

If, after perusing the whole breathless narrative, you are still unimpressed, and if the lure of a £50 return for an investment of £1 doesn't satisfy you, perhaps you will fall for some of Lieutenant Kealey's other inducements. He has prepared a set of maxims which are presumably meant for application in stubborn cases.

"One good investment is worth a lifetime of toil," he tells us. "Large profit opportunities are rarely presented. One successful venture can take you from the employed class, and make you a Business Owner, or its equivalent."

Dope for doubters

What? Still doubtful? Then listen to the following: "Let savings lead to earnings. Let earnings make you rich," or "Courage and judgment spell success. Unless you take a chance you will never get success."

To invest money in schemes of this sort is taking a chance indeed.

Slips Made by Surgeons

Are Mistakes Avoidable?

SCARCELY a month passes without our receiving complaints from people who make grave charges of negligence against doctors and other officials employed in our hospitals, and whilst there is little doubt that in a number of cases the facts have some foundation, it is only rarely that anything definite can be proved.

An outstanding instance has been disclosed at the recent inquest on Florence Halyard, who died from peritonitis caused by a swab being left in the abdomen after an operation at St. Mary's Hospital, Manchester.

* * *

What must have been the feelings of the distracted husband on learning that those into whose care he had entrusted the life of the one he held most dear had indirectly been instrumental in causing her death?

"I allege it is nothing but gross carelessness and neglect on someone's part," was his agonised outburst during the inquest, and everyone will sympathise deeply with him.

It is an unhappy case, but it is certainly one which calls strongly for the light of publicity—in fact, the coroner himself remarked: "I hope one useful purpose that will be served by any publicity is that people engaged in these duties will take warning."

* * *

The verdict was "Death from misadventure," the coroner observing that he was satisfied that there was nothing in the nature of criminal negligence. It was a mistake which he attributed to the "failure of the human element."

We are quite in agreement with this finding. There is, of course, no question of criminal negligence; but there has been a dreadful mistake which can only be explained by gross neglect, and someone should certainly be severely reprimanded for it.

It is all very well to say that people who have the same duties to perform each day of their lives are always apt to become over-confident, and that over-confidence begets carelessness.

But in this case there are special regulations, made by the hospital authorities, which are expressly framed with the intention of preventing occurrences of this kind. There is a register, designed for use during operations, in which the number of swabs used is supposed to be scrupulously recorded and checked, both before and after an operation.

If, then, the regulations had been conscientiously followed, it is clear that such a deplorable error could never have happened.

* * *

"I have no doubt the hospital authorities will make very close enquiries into this matter," said the coroner. We want no "doubt" in the matter at all. We appeal to the authorities to hold a full and searching enquiry without delay, in order to fix the blame on the right shoulders.

PEA-NUTS AND PIE-CANS

Mr. Schneider's Monkey Tricks

A LITTLE while ago the following advertisement appeared in many papers:—

Men wanted to control boys for quick-selling 2d. eatable commodity, for Penarth, Torquay, Plymouth, Walmer, Skegness, Folkestone, Taunton and Bognor. Must deposit £20 cash security. Goods under own control. 50s. week, 5 per cent. com. —J. S., 10, Border Crescent, Sydenham, London.

Mr. John Smith, an engineer's fitter, of Goswell Road, London, E.C., was one of the many people who saw this advertisement, and, in June last, called at the address stated. There he met the advertiser, a Mr. Joseph Schneider.

Mr. Schneider explained to Mr. Smith that it would be his duty to engage boys to sell pea-nuts, and that his salary would be £2 10s. per week, with commission. Schneider further explained that, before he could go fully into the matter, it was necessary for Smith to deposit £20.

A second parting

Mr. Smith knew what it was to be unemployed, and he parted with his £20, on the understanding that he was to take charge of a pea-nut depot at Torquay.

When he got to Torquay, however, he found there was no depot, no pea-nuts and no boys, so he returned to Mr. Schneider at Sydenham, who was very sorry about it all, but assured Smith that he could find him another depot-keeper's job if he found another £30.

This came rather as a surprise to Mr. Smith, but his doubts began to vanish when Mr. Schneider explained that he no longer intended to restrict his activities solely to the pea-nut business, but was now negotiating to import wine and have it specially bottled at a depot to be opened at Imperial Buildings, Hop Exchange.

Schneider's silvery charm

Under the silvery charm of the engaging Schneider, Mr. Smith was induced to invest the further £30. Then came further trouble—Mr. Schneider did not take the office at Imperial Buildings, but as an alternative, offered Mr. Smith a job at another pea-nut depot to be opened at Birmingham.

Hoping to get some of his £50 back, Mr. Smith went to Birmingham, engaged several boys, and waited for the pea-nuts to arrive.

Eventually the pea-nuts came. But Mr. Smith found that nobody seemed to want pea-nuts at 2d. a packet, so the venture fell through, and he asked for his money back.

He could not get it. Eventually he went to the police, who established the fact that Mr. Schneider was merely a common swindler seeking to thrive on the deposits he obtained from the unwary. He was later arrested, charged with obtaining money by false pretences, and has been sent to jail for eighteen months.

But what we cannot understand is how newspapers are induced to insert advertisements of this character and how people are induced to invest money with people of this type without first of all making the fullest enquiry. If this had been done in regard to Mr. Schneider, the following facts would have come to light.

In 1905 Schneider, who is also known by the name of Smith, was sentenced to three months for obtaining goods by false pretences. In 1921, he was convicted again for obtaining money by false pretences. In February last he was jailed for two months on a similar charge.

Lucky let-off

In June, 1923, he was adjudicated bankrupt with unsecured liabilities of £2,000, and in 1924, he started a business at Ostend, and, as a consequence, was sentenced by the Bruges Tribunal to several terms of imprisonment!

In these circumstances, too, it is difficult to know why, in regard to his latest swindle, he was not sent to penal servitude.

Asking for Trouble

Risking Ratepayers' Money

THERE have been countless cases within recent months where employees of local authorities have been able to convert ratepayers' money to their own uses simply because of the gross negligence of their superior officers.

Not so very long ago, at least two solicitors were charged with embezzling public funds in this way, and it is certain that this could not have happened if proper control had been exercised by the authorities concerned.

* * *

Only the other day a county court official in Essex was found to have converted large sums of money to his own use in circumstances which clearly showed that the frauds could not have been perpetrated had the most elementary check been enforced by his superiors.

Then there is the case of the Stoke Newington rate-collector, which is already familiar to our readers. This man disappeared with £7,306 of the council's funds, and investigation showed that the real blame lay with the authorities, who had been lamentably slack in their control.

* * *

Now comes a report from Rochester, where A. E. Coleman, an Inland Revenue official, has been sent to prison for eighteen months on a charge of converting £270 18s. to his own use, larger sums being involved.

Coleman had been a collector for twenty years, and was a trusted servant. He was trusted to such an amazing extent that his accounts were only audited once in three years! Could there be a more disgraceful example of official slackness?

The temptation which the authorities thus put in the way of a minor official was a very big one, and the fact that it was an ever-present one naturally made it all the harder for Coleman to battle against it.

Coleman was really fortunate to escape with such a light sentence; but what of the responsible officials behind this and similar cases? Are they not to be made to answer for these frauds which result in a dead loss of ratepayers' money?

* * *

Limited companies are forced to institute a regular audit of all their accounts, and to issue a yearly balance-sheet, and in our opinion, the Government should hold an immediate inquiry into the way in which all local funds are administered.

Compensation Cheating

NOT long ago Alfred Harvey, employed as a french polisher by King Brothers, pianoforte manufacturers, of Clapton Park, E. developed skin disease in his right hand and arm, the trouble being traced to the nature of his employment. For a time Harvey received compensation at the rate of 30s. weekly, but this did not suit the insurance company.

Although there was no prospect of the man being able to return to work, they asked him to accept £75 in final settlement. Very properly the Registrar of the Shoreditch Court refused to register this agreement, and in due course the matter came before Judge Cluer, who was shown a certificate signed by a Harley Street doctor to the effect that Harvey was "fit for all work except french polishing."

His Honour made short work of this piece of medical impertinence. "That means," said the Judge, "that he can practise at the Bar, preach a sermon, or sell newspapers, but he happens to have been earning £4 4s. 2d. a week as a french polisher."

And for the permanent loss of this earning capacity the assurance company had the impudence to offer £75, less than twenty weeks' wages!

Three years ago a Departmental Committee on the Workmen's Compensation Acts unanimously recommended an alteration of the law to put an end to these abuses. Why is this reform delayed?

"Clubs"—and Clubs!

Freeholder's Prompt Action

OUR campaign against night clubs has met with success.

Lately, however, the menace has spread to the suburbs and the provinces.

The other day the police raided the Cadoleigh Club, Kenthouse Road, Beckenham. It was clear that drink was being sold at the club persistently during non-permitted hours, and Henry Augustus Richardson, the secretary, was fined £25, while the club was struck off the register.

It is grossly unfair to law-abiding publicans, and to *bona-fide* clubs which obey the regulations laid down by the Licensing Act, that bogus clubs should be allowed to exist.

Why Phillips was sacked

An example of how the reputation of a club may suffer on account of the activities of anyone connected with it who breaks the law, is illustrated in the following story:

Recently we criticised a drinking den in Soho called the Radio Club. It was a resort of the worst type, and one of its leading lights was a person named Reginald Phillips, alias Dudeney, who, for a while, was in some way connected with the Stafford Hall Social Club, Southchurch Road, Southend-on-Sea.

Phillips was fined for his share of the management of the now disqualified Radio Club in Soho. But, in referring to his conviction, we stated that he was still associated with the Stafford Hall Social Club at Southend. We were not altogether accurate in this, and regret any aspersions reflected on the S.S.C. of the said address. We are now assured that as soon as the freeholder of the Southend Club had, through the medium of JOHN BULL, his attention drawn to the conviction of Phillips, he took immediate steps to dissociate him from the management.

We are, of course, sorry that we were not aware of this at the time, and are naturally only too pleased, in fairness to the Stafford Hall Club and its freeholder, to make it quite clear that Phillips is no longer connected with it, or his associates, nor was he connected with it at any time but for the briefest period.

The Stafford Hall Social Club, moreover, is now under entirely new management, and we therefore need not emphasise the fact that the Stafford Hall Club does not come into the category of clubs to which we take exception.

Family clubs

There is plenty of scope for good clubs where people can go with their wives and families to pass an enjoyable and social evening. That is why it is so grossly unfair that men of the Phillips type can run bogus clubs, and, by their misbehaviour in breaking the licensing law, cause reflections to be cast upon clubs which are properly run and serve a good and useful purpose.

The Great Christmas Sham

by The Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie")

IN the following striking article "Woodbine Willie" applies the message of Christmas to the problems of the present day, pouring contempt on Society's shallow excuses put forward for failing to carry out the principles of Christianity

IT was a long time ago, and yet, compared with other events of which we know the history well, it was but yesterday, that there was born into this world a Man called Jesus. Millions of men have lived and died. This Man is one of the very few who have died and still live.

That is a solid fact, as solid as the sun and stars. There is no star that shines so bright as the Star of Bethlehem. Jesus lives, Julius Cæsar is dead, and so is Queen Anne. I know the life of Julius well, better, in some ways, than I know the life of Jesus. But Julius is dead. He means nothing to me, or to anyone else that I ever met. He is dead and buried. He never troubles anyone.

Jesus troubles millions of people, and is always troubling me. Dead men tell no tales. Jesus is always telling the tale. He worries me to death, or rather He worries me to life. He stirs my conscience when it wants to sleep. He stings me into thinking, when I do not want to think.

He bothers me, just as the bank manager bothers me about an overdraft. Who wants to think about the wrong side of his pass-book? Not I, but the bank manager is alive, and it is his business to bother me, and he does it. Who wants to think of the wrong side of his conscience? Not this child.

The hardest cut of all

But that Child is alive, and it is apparently His business to bother me, and He does it. And that is the hardest cut of all. It is that Child that bothers me. It is not only Jesus the Man that lives, but Jesus the Baby.

It is in many ways Jesus the Baby that is most alive, and grows greater every year without ever growing up. Jesus the Man drives me back all the time to Jesus the Baby.

In no respect is His teaching so up to date, and beyond it, as in the place He gives to children. "If any man causes one of these little ones that believe on me to sin it were better for him that a big stone were tied about his neck and he were drowned in the bottom of the sea." "You take care how you neglect children for I tell you that their angels do always behold the face of My Father Who is in Heaven."

He took a little child and set him in the middle of them all, and said, unless you turn right round and become as clean as this child, you cannot get into the Kingdom.

Piercing the veil

That is what He has done, and is doing more and more. He is setting a child up on the throne, and making all the world come up to him for judgment. And the judgment of the Child is searching, scorching, mercifully merciless. He will not pass a single sham. His eyes see through the decent veil we draw across our cruelty.

If we show Him our charities and hospitals for children, if we take Him round the nice clean wards at Christmas time, He only asks about their homes. He forces us to go behind the hospital and show Him the one stinking room where seven people live, and in which a child is being born, and then, looking at us with wide open eyes, He asks: "Why do you allow them to be born and live like this? Why don't you see that you are breeding diseases here, and then trying to cure them in there? Can't you understand how cruel it is, and how utterly useless." There is nothing sentimental about the Child. He goes straight to the point.

"What is the good of fine hospitals and filthy homes? Why do you allow men to make money out of murdering children, and then give it away in charity to half cure them, patch them up, and send them out because a hundred others want their beds? This charity of yours is a disgusting sham and you know it is.

Gambling for charity

"Why you cannot even give the money. You have to offer men a gambling chance of £15 a week for life to get them to give five shillings to help a sickly child that their own stupid sloth and selfishness has squirted dirty germs into, as surely as though they did it with a hypodermic syringe. You pay £15 for a frock to go to a dance at the Albert Hall and give £1 to a hospital, and you call that 'charity.'

"Charity is the very air of the children's heaven from which I come; this cursed caricature is the air of this children's hell that you have built. Shame, my Christmas shame, upon you; what are you going to do?"

When the Christ Child talks like that, I get all hot and miserable inside. I don't know what to do. This is terrible judgment. I could have stood up to the old judge seated on his throne and threatening his everlasting hell much better than I can stand up to this Baby of Bethlehem. I am used to the old judge. He only condemns me, but the Baby makes me condemn myself, and that is beastly uncomfortable.

Shifting the blame

He doesn't think much of the old judges, the Child doesn't. He makes wigs and ermine robes and all the hollow pomp of what we call "justice" seem silly. He sits up there beside the judge and asks awkward questions.

"You are sending this man to prison? What good is that going to do? What are you going to do about his wife and children? Where do they live? The rights of property must be protected? But have you seen this property?

"He is a thief? But what about the man that owns that hovel? What about the man that draws the ground rents of the cesspool. Stealing—what is stealing? Isn't it getting without giving. What do these property owners give? Your justice makes me sick. Property, always property! What about Life?"

That is how the Baby talks to me. It is terrible talk. It strips away all the decent sham with which I cover up my nakedness. The worst of it is, He talks to me about myself, not about the other chap. He does not talk to me about greedy capitalists, and lazy workmen; He talks to me about me, and makes me ashamed of myself.

For God's sake let Him talk to you about yourself. Don't drown His voice by shouting about Communists, and Fascists, and Joynson-Hicks, and *Daily Herald* vans, and Revolution, and Reaction, and all the rest of the miserable farce by which we try to shift the blame off ourselves.

We are all to blame. Let's own up and be ashamed. Let's all stand before the Babe of Bethlehem this Christmas, and own up, honest to God, that we have not really cared, and have eased our consciences with comfortable shams. This wretched political and industrial war is a

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.

rotten put off. It only means that we all shout, "It's not my fault, it is the other fellow."

Let us have Peace not to perpetuate, but to put an end to, this intolerable shame of dirt and charity. Let us have Peace among all men of goodwill, and get down to the job.

Methought it was the end of time,
The dawn of Judgment day,
The world stood waiting for the Judge,
Dim faces drawn and grey.
The sword of dawn slashed thro' the east,
I did not dare to see.
But threw my arm across my face,
From that dread mystery.
Then, trembling raised reluctant eyes
To look upon the throne,
But all the earth was emptiness,
And I stood all alone.
Till I looked down, and at my feet
With shining eyes, and mild,
And two small wounded hands held out,
There stood my Judge—A Child.

There's going to be no peace for the wicked unless you kill that Child—and He won't die.

There has been enough in these last few months to prepare us to accept and act upon the judgment of the Child. The Locarno Pact has brought us the first real hope of peace we have had for years.

An industrial armistice

We felt more deeply and saw more clearly this armistice than as a nation we have ever felt or seen before. The disaster of the *M1* turned all our thoughts again to the horror and folly of war.

The Irish settlement, too, has added still further to the hope of peace. Could we not crown it all now by standing, all of us, this Christmas, before the Cross of Christ, and vowing before Him that in the tremendous difficulties that must inevitably face us in the coming year, we will forbear to make personal or political capital out of the miseries of our fellow-men, and will seek to right the wrongs and solve the problem that keeps us in a state of turmoil and unrest?

Is it not time that we called for an armistice in the industrial world, and determined to overcome prejudice and fear and party passion in a concentrated effort to secure a greater measure of justice for the downtrodden and oppressed?

If that, or anything like it, could be born amongst us this Christmas Day, it would be Christmas indeed, and not merely another dreary outburst of self-indulgence, another Christmas without Christ.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, K.G., M.P., Foreign Secretary.

DEAR SIR AUSTEN,—Your reported intention of meeting M. Chicherin for the purpose of a full and frank discussion of the vexed relations between Great Britain and Russia is an appropriate sequel to your achievements at Locarno. In the difficult attempt to reach an agreement with the Soviet Government you will have the support of all intelligent people. In this world there is no room for nations to quarrel. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Are you aware of the state of housing in South Wales? Do you know there are families living in bell tents, stables, and even pig-sties? Do you know that the only "home" available for Joseph Lowe, his wife, and two little children, was a disused railway arch full of stones and rubble? To send such parents to hard labour is no remedy for the evil. That lies in houses only, and plenty of them. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—The trade unions are complaining that Trade Board inspection, whose purpose is to stop sweating and bad factory conditions, is largely a farce. It is the habit of inspectors, it appears, to give employers notice of their visits and to be accompanied on their rounds by employers' representatives. Not conducted tours but surprise visits are the workers' safeguard. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord EUSTACE PERCY, M.P., President of the Board of Education.

DEAR SIR,—If you succeed in your effort to banish children under five from the elementary schools it will be your plain duty to make some other provision for their medical treatment. If you consult your chief medical officer you will find that he attaches the greatest importance to school medical inspection in the infant stage. On this ground alone, apart from other vital considerations, your cheeseparing policy stands condemned. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR P.M.G.,—It is a scandal that local postmasters should be allowed to recruit extra labour for the Christmas season at the lowest rates of pay they can induce the unemployed to accept. The decent thing would be to fix a minimum wage sufficient to give them a little seasonable comfort. It will not add to our Christmas joys to know that our parcels are being distributed by sweated labour. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., St. John's Road, S.W.

DEAR MR. CLYNES,—While condemning the recent Communist prosecution as an act of political folly, you strongly advise the Labour Party to "take their orders from these shores only, and concentrate upon the Parliamentary machine to hasten economic and industrial changes." This piece of advice is excellent and timely. The suspicion that the British Labour movement is in secret alliance with Moscow will be fatal to its progress. JOHN BULL.

To Miss HORSMAN, Barrister, Leeds.

DEAR MADAM,—I congratulate you upon the skill with which you conducted the defence of Ida Dunn, a young factory worker accused of manslaughter of her newly born child. You proved her guiltless and procured her discharge, a result that must be highly pleasing to all those who feel that in these pitiful cases the girl should not stand her trial alone. JOHN BULL.

To Police-Constable SMITH, Johannesburg.

DEAR SIR,—A Keith lad bred and born, you served with the Force in Manchester, then passed to Johannesburg, where you are now on point duty. Your cheery smiles and warm greetings have led to the formation of a flourishing "Good Morning" Club, members of which pledge themselves to shed smiles and cheeriness around. I could do with one or two of your sort in London. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. W. E. ALLEN, Wandsworth.

DEAR MADAM,—When your husband was taken from you, leaving you with three young sons at school, you set steadily to work to reconstruct from the ashes of war the business he left behind. The new wing just opened in the David Allen and Sons' factory is proof of your capacity. This is a better tribute to your husband's memory than spending your time in helpless grief. Both your sons and workpeople have cause to bless you. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEO. F. DICKS, Amesbury Road, Cardiff.

DEAR SIR,—In view of official urgings to "post early for Christmas," ignored because no one wants Christmas greetings before Christmas day, you ask why the Post Office, to avoid muddle and congestion, cannot erect temporary post boxes marked "for Christmas Day delivery" or issue special labels. It's a sensible idea, and for that reason alone has little chance of being noticed by the department in question. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JAMES A. GREGSON, Leeds Civic Playhouse.

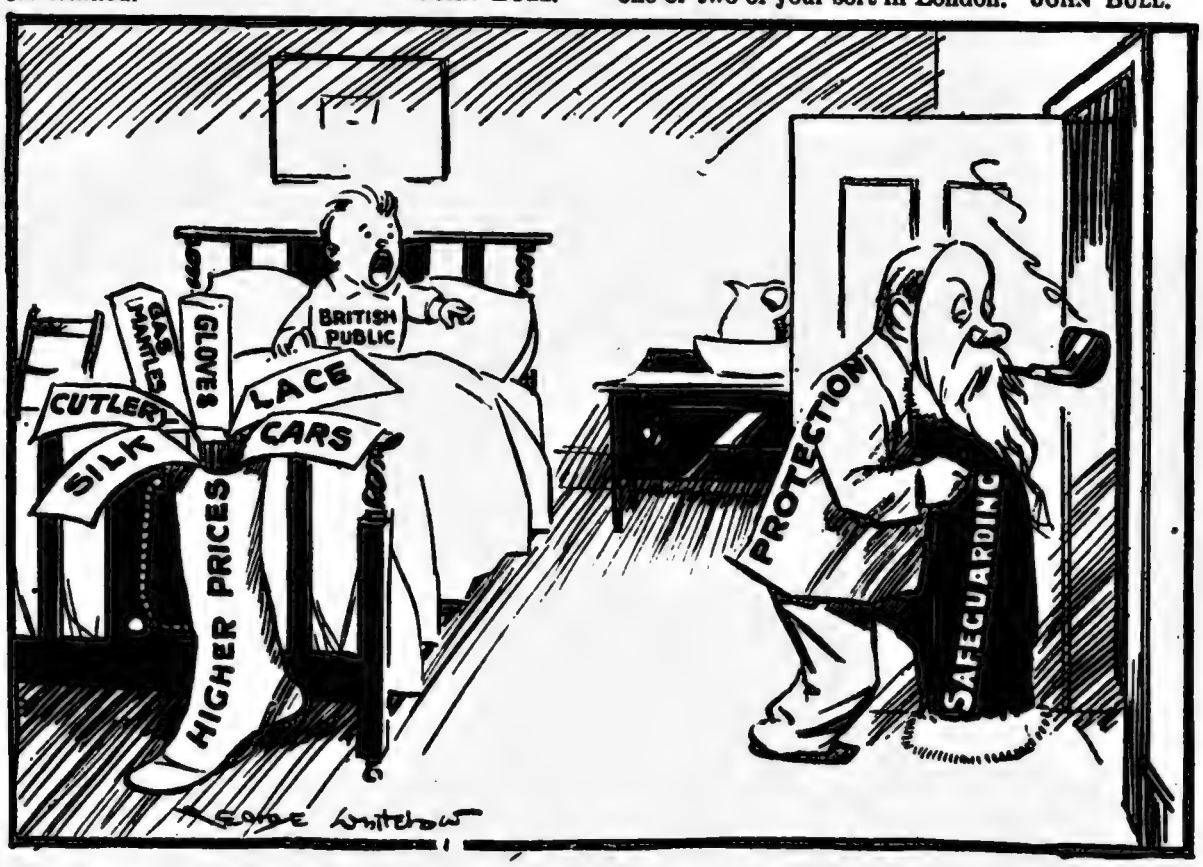
DEAR SIR,—Your free theatre, founded purely upon voluntary effort, is now an established part of Leeds city life. Resting upon a silver collection and small booking-fees from those who wish to reserve seats, you give to the workers of Leeds really great plays, from the Greek tragedies onward. It's a noble effort, and one I greatly desire to see repeated throughout the country, not only in cities and towns, but brightening up our villages. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. BELL, J.P., Glasgow.

DEAR MADAM,—When fifteen boys were hale before you, charged with playing football on the Sabbath, you lectured them on their heinous crime, and fined them from 5s. to 10s. Tut, tut, madam, cultivate a sense of proportion, do. These poor east-end lads will not be taught reverence for good by being condemned to twiddle idle thumbs all day; beside, they are well aware that richer men play golf, even in Scotland, on the "Sawbath." JOHN BULL.

To the CAPTAIN and CREW, Bridlington Lifeboat.

SIRS,—I take off my hat to you. When the three-masted schooner *Mary Watkinson* went ashore in the fog, crushed by heavy seas under Flamborough Cliffs, you put out and battled for nearly four hours in the dark. Nevertheless you arrived just in time to save the crew, and brought them and your boat safe to harbour at midnight. Such courage and seamanship are splendid. JOHN BULL.



"WHY, I, FATHER!"

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER:—"Every time purchasers buy foreign goods as against British they are furthering unemployment."

Your argument is fallacious. A country lives both by export and import.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM:—"We do not get to the root of the matter in helping the poor."

Nor ever will until the land is restored to the people from whom it was stolen.

LORD WOLMER:—"Armies and navies will still be necessary after Locarno as before it."

Then why call Locarno the peace Pact?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"The Liberal Party must beware it does not become a disorganised rantankerousness."

It is a disorganised cantankerousness now is an organised constructiveness.

Without Fear or Favour

THE SECRET FILM PLOT

Mosul

THE Government it seems has not yet begun to understand the point of view of the ordinary British citizen in regard to Mesopotamia. In all the recent discussions at Geneva it has been assumed that the people of Great Britain have a vital interest in the disputed frontiers of Mosul.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Apart from financiers and oil speculators the people of this country do not care a brass farthing about Mesopotamia, and would not be a bit sorry if it could be wiped off the map.

One thing must be made unmistakably plain to Mr. Amery and his colleagues. The common-sense of the British people will not tolerate a policy in Mesopotamia which will lead to war with Turkey.

In Asia no less than in Europe, Britain's paramount interest is peace, and a policy which threatens to embroil us with a great Mahommedan Power is a piece of insane folly.

The British "mandate" for Mesopotamia is an unwanted legacy of the war which should have been got rid of at the earliest possible moment. It was part and parcel of the unworkable jumble of agreements which made up the Treaty of Versailles whose shadow has darkened Europe for six long years.

Instead of accepting a further lease of liability we ought immediately to acquaint the League of Nations Council with our desire to be relieved of an obligation thrust upon us in the mix-up which followed the war.

Let the oil-concession hunters make their own bargains. A British Government which allows itself to become the cat's-paw of finance is unworthy of trust.

Democracy entails a new conception of foreign policy, in which commercial interests and vague theories of "prestige" must be subordinated to honesty and good will.

Chorus Girls' Charter

THE coming into force in the New Year of the Theatrical Employers Registration Act will mark the success of a campaign in which JOHN BULL has borne an active part.

After January 1 any theatrical producer who employs more than two persons will have to be registered under penalties of £50 or three months' imprisonment, according to the seriousness of the offence.

The aim of this measure is to get rid of that curse of the profession, the bogus manager. For the future a producer who falsifies his undertakings to his employees will run the risk of having his registration cancelled, which will mean that he must seek employment outside the ranks of the theatrical profession.

To the need for some such measure of protection our columns from time to time have borne pathetic testimony. The bogus manager has been responsible for a vast amount of hardship and misery. We hope and trust that his activities will soon be at an end.

Naturally we shall watch the operation of the new Act with special interest. It must be worked with a will.

Film Producers' Impudent Bluff

THE Federation of British Industries, which would be glad to control kinema screens, has entered into an unholy alliance to force inferior films on the public under the thin pretext of national interests. The plot must be scotched

A WONDERFUL game is in progress behind the scenes in the film industry and in the offices of the Federation of British Industries. It is generally known that British films are a vanishing quantity, and it is also common knowledge that the explanation is the already vanished quality of British films. Everybody agrees that it is a pity this country cannot supply more of its own screen material, and everybody is in favour of any sound commercial remedy.

Unfortunately, for some unknown reason, the finding of a solution has so far been left in the hands of the F.B.I., and of a joint trade committee of which it is an open secret the strings have been pulled by the F.B.I. throughout.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, M.P., President of the Board of Trade

This joint committee recently devised a weird and wonderful scheme whereby every kinema theatre would be compelled to exhibit one British film in every ten. It was also suggested that distributors of films should be compelled to handle the same proportion of British films.

To anyone with even an elementary knowledge of business it was plain that this scheme meant that the British kinema proprietor was in serious danger of having to show inferior films at dictated prices, whether his patrons were willing to pay to see them or not.

IT is also generally agreed in the trade that the condition regarding distributors would entail the destruction of a number of small firms and the creation of a position of dangerous privilege for the very limited number of British producers who also own distributing organisations. *Kinema theatre proprietors quite rightly rejected the scheme.*

Obviously, it would not work unless a further clause was added by which it was compulsory for the public to attend the exhibition of these British films, and the prospect of the average householder being marched into a kinema between two files of soldiers with fixed bayonets is not one which can be taken seriously.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister must be a singularly ingenuous Cabinet Minister. He does not seem to realise that his leg is being unmercifully pulled.

The F.B.I. would inevitably be in a position, by financial advances based on this comic quota system, to pull the strings of the British industry in order to push by indirect means any commercial policy it may happen to favour.

THE British producers, of whom quite a large proportion are business failures and proved incompetents, want to be kept in business under the shelter of Government control of the screens, and will probably be perfectly willing to give either the F.B.I. or the Government any *quid pro quo* they may desire.

In other words, the F.B.I. Bill means a real and serious danger that the man who pays his 4d. at a picture theatre will not receive honest entertainment but commercial propaganda masquerading in that guise, and if Government aid is granted a lot of wishy-washy patriotic bunkum designed to suit the interests of the Government at the moment.

We cannot afford to have our picture houses, which are the entertainment of the people *par excellence*, prostituted in this way. There is only one way out for Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister. He must grant a Government enquiry of unimpeachable impartiality to find out the real reasons for the collapse of British film production, or face the impression that he is being made a cat's-paw by the F.B.I., and the only too frequently incompetent British producer.

Housing Horrors

FOR years the taxpayer has cast in the teeth of succeeding Governments the promise of homes for heroes, and yet to-day, seven years after peace was declared, conditions are so appalling that it is inconceivable they could be any worse.

Unless immediate and drastic action is taken England may be faced with the outbreak of some appalling pestilence. The youth of the country is being reared under conditions that would kill off many of the savage tribes of this world.

Can one imagine anything worse for the morality of the nation when such a condition exists as is reported from Cardiff, where two youths of twenty-one and seventeen share a room with two girls of nineteen and sixteen and a boy of fourteen and a half?

Another terrible instance is reported from Brecon, where a man and his wife and six children, ranging from three months to fourteen years, occupy an insanitary loft above a stable.

At Landiwood a miner, his wife and three children occupied recently a shed 15 ft. by 9 ft., that had no brick foundations and with the floor level below the surrounding ground outside.

A fourth case is even worse, where at an inquest on a baby at Portsmouth the astounding revelation was made that in one house nine families lived, forty people in ten rooms. A verdict of "Death from natural causes" was reported!

When the war ended we prided ourselves on being an A1 nation, but if these terrible housing conditions are allowed to continue we shall in a few years become C3.

Bill Sikes' Stores

AMONG the articles displayed for sale in the windows of certain London ironmongers and sport outfitters, are a selection of knuckle-dusters, bowie knives, life-preservers, handcuffs, and "safety" revolvers.

As these articles are all new, bright, and presumably selling briskly, it would be interesting to know who buys them and upon what grounds the shopkeepers justify their sale.

Even assuming that life-preservers and safety pistols are purchased by law-abiding householders for the protection of their property, who are the customers for bowie knives, knuckle-dusters and handcuffs?

Unfortunately, there can be little doubt about the matter. Members of race gangs, hooligans and dangerous crooks in general are all well supplied with knives and knuckle-dusters, and the confidence man masquerading as a detective can usually show a pair of handcuffs.

This is a remarkable country; anyone may say and do pretty well as he pleases, and unless he steps too far over the mark no one will interfere; but there is a mark, and the tradesman who turns a dishonest penny by opening a sort of Bill Sikes' supply stores jumps right over it.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner.

The Great Spy Farce

by A. G. GARDINER

REAL confidence between nations can never be established until the employment of spies is prohibited. That such employment exists to-day is a disgrace to civilisation. Let the League of Nations insist that all nations shall definitely abolish the use of "the hidden hand."

THE spy scare in Paris made a good afternoon "stunt" for the newspapers, but there was not anything more in it than that Miss "Foxtrot" belongs to the world of spoof rather than to the world of spying, and no good Parisian is likely to have been kept awake at night by her revelations of the activities of the British air service spies in France.

But the incident, though farcical enough, is related to something that is anything but farcical. People fear spies because there are spies. Espionage is a recognised branch of what we like to think is civilised government. We are all ashamed of it. We all pretend we don't do it.

We all hide it away in dark corners and give it innocent names, but the fact remains that every nation spies on every other nation, and now spies on its own citizens.

I who write this and you who read this may all unknowingly to ourselves have our dossiers at Scotland Yard with any kind of tarradiddle that any kind of official dunce or paid scoundrel may have attached to us.

Confidence destroyed

It is a loathsome business, a cruel business and a silly business. It is the disease of Europe, and Europe will not be healthy until we have got such a standard of international honour that nations will no more think of spying on one another than the Archbishop of Canterbury would think of spying on the Bishop of London, or Lord Oxford would think of spying on Mr. Lloyd George to see whether he goes muffled up at night to meet Lord Birkenhead.

Decent people don't do this sort of thing, and decent nations oughtn't to do this sort of thing. They oughtn't to do it, first, because so long as it is done it is obvious that mutual confidence, which is the only basis of decent human relationship, cannot exist, and, second, it does infinitely more harm than good.

I would not talk to a man who I suspected had had his ear at my keyhole, or who had engaged a ruffian to pick my pocket or steal valuable documents from my desk when my back was turned.

A double risk

Why should a nation have an incredibly lower standard of morality than the average citizen? How can we trust a nation, and how can another nation trust us when we know that each of us is engaged in spying on the other.

It is not only morally ruinous. It is practically wasteful. It means that you are placing yourselves in the hands of scoundrels, for it is an axiom that no one who is not a scoundrel would be a spy.

And if a man is a scoundrel he is open to bribe from one side as much as from the other. That is the whole history of espionage. You never know when the spy whom you have paid to give you good information has been bought by the other side to give you bad information.

You are in his hands, because you don't know and he does, and even when you do know you daren't expose him because in exposing him you expose yourself.

That is the whole history of spying under the Russian Tsardom, and it is the history of spying under the equally insufferable Russian tyranny of to-day.

Some light has been shed on the infamies of the present spy system in Russia in Mrs. Stan Harding's story of her terrible experiences in Moscow ("The Underworld of State").

I knew Mrs. Stan Harding before she went to Russia, when she was a newspaper correspondent in Berlin in 1920. I think I was one of the first people she saw, when, having escaped from Moscow, and looking like the ghost of herself, she returned to London.

I need not tell her story in detail, for it is well known. She went as a journalist to Moscow and was arrested by the Bolsheviks on the assertion of a woman secret agent employed by America that she was a British spy.

Woman's awful experience

Why, you ask, should an American spy give a false character to a British woman? Mrs. Harding's allegation is that the American spy had herself been arrested and released on the undertaking that she helped the Bolsheviks to run other spies to earth, and that her charge against Mrs. Harding was the result.

Anyway, Mrs. Harding was plunged into solitary confinement and was offered release on the same terms as those given to the other woman—that she, in turn, would play the spy for the Russian Government. Being the woman she is, she refused, and nearly died for her courage.

But now comes the real issue. Mrs. Harding is a resolute woman, and back in London she worked night and day for redress. The British Government induced the Soviet Government to pay her £3,000 damages for the outrage.

But it was not money that Mrs. Harding sought. It was redress of another sort, not from Russia but from the American Government who were responsible for the treachery of their own secret agent towards an innocent woman.

She alleges that it was intimated that £10,000 might meet her case, but on one condition, that she must be silent, especially silent about the author of all her miseries.

And now we reach the core of the spy business. America will protect her agent and the British Government will compel the Soviet to pay compensation; but the British Government will do nothing to induce the American Government to cease to shield the author of Mrs. Harding's wrongs. Why?

There seems to be only one explanation. Just as there is honour among thieves, so there is an understanding among Governments who employ spies. Dog does not eat dog, and one spy system does not show up another spy system. You never know when your own secret agents may get into mischief, and you may need a favour from the other dirty dog.

And so we have this degrading spectacle of great nations stooping to the basest devices to prevent plain justice being done and a crime being wiped out by public confession, apology and rehabilitation of the injured.

An impossible alliance

What is the moral? It surely is that the spy business should be abandoned by every self-respecting nation. If the League of Nations is a reality it is plain that it cannot co-exist with spying on one another. It may be unavoidable in war, but it is a criminal folly in peace.

Let the League address itself to this great matter. Let it affirm that any Government which employs spies to spy in other countries is an offender against the spirit of the League and an enemy to the peace and civilities of Europe.

It is only just that workers should be informed of the profits obtained from their labour

Should

WAGE-EARNERS are constantly told by employers that wages must be regulated by "what the industry can bear." This may be a sound principle, but who is to judge what wages an industry can bear?

Mr. R. B. Suthers

Giving evidence before the Coal Commission, Sir Daniel M. Stevenson, chairman of the British Coal Exporters' Federation, was asked by Sir Herbert Samuel, the chairman, and Mr. A. J. Cook, on behalf of the Miners' Federation, if he would supply particulars of the exporters' profits.

Sir Daniel demurred. Members of the Exporters' Federation, he said, would resent their individual profits being given. Asked by the chairman if he would furnish a statement of a chartered accountant showing the profits of a small number of leading firms, Sir Daniel could only promise that he would consult with his colleagues.

This incident throws into strong relief one of the root causes of the present industrial unrest. As Mr. A. J. Cook pointed out, the wages of miners have undergone a microscopical examination by the Commission.

But when the wage earners' representatives ask whether any particular industry can bear the wages that are being taken out of it, they are told to mind their own business. It is time the Government seriously took this problem in hand.

STATESMEN and employers make eloquent speeches as to the "partnership" which exists between Capital and Labour. But partners in any undertaking must have complete confidence in each other's integrity and honesty.

How can there be complete trust between two partners one of whom claims to keep as his own secret the fine facts of the undertaking's financial position and his own share of the common earnings?

Mr. J. Spedan Lewis, chairman of Peter Jones, Ltd., remarked recently that what is the matter with industry is that the workers have become more critical. They suspect too, indeed they know, that their "partners," the employers, in many cases, take much more out of industry than their published admissions indicate.

Josiah Stamp has informed us that if the

Who is the Lunatic?

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

FOR the success of revolutionary Socialistic doctrine it is necessary that the workers shall be gulled with fantastic lies. The British worker, however, is noted for hard common-sense and logic, and it is against this that revolution can make no inroad

The Rt. Hon. John Wheatley, M.P.

I SHOULD be sorry to write with any appearance of bitterness about the mind of the working man. I cannot withhold sympathy when I think of the numbing effect of mechanical toil upon his intelligence and the dark and dismal circumstances of his domestic life.

There are also the coarse temptations with which society allows the publican, the newspaper proprietor, and the seller of films to beset him for the one degrading purpose of their own ignoble and unconscionable gain.

The worker's complete banishment from man's natural environment of the countryside, and his hard and sordid struggle to pay the expenses of even such a miserable existence as is his at the present time, ought to move the whole power of the State to his assistance.

When I venture to censure his political vanity I am urged by no other desire than to render him a service. For this vanity is bad for him, and may well lead him from strike to strike, enriching his leaders, but impoverishing himself and his children, until at last there is nothing left of British trade for him to strike against, except its ruins.

An awkward truth

The British workman is in so dangerous a plight at the present moment that every vestige of his native prudence should actuate him to take most careful stock of his economic position.

Vanity will not serve him any more than rhetoric or passion. He must humble himself before economic law, as the man of science humbles himself before natural law.

First of all, it should be clear to him that he is dependent on people overseas for 80 per cent. of his food, and that he can make himself sure of getting those supplies only by co-operating with others in seeing that the growers of his food get what they want.

It is as certain that he cannot get that food unless he sends its growers what they want, as it is certain that he cannot buy beer or tobacco without money.

This is the central truth of his economic condition. Beyond that lies a question which is nothing like so complex as the politicians would have us believe. It is, *For whom shall he work?* He should know very well that whatever may happen in the future to Mr. George Lansbury or Mr. Harry Pollitt, to Mr. Wheatley or Mr. A. J. Cook, he himself will have to work for his living.

He will still be a miner or a cotton operative, a riveter or a furnace-man, a printer or a bricklayer. He will still be living in Glasgow or Crewe, in Burnley or Middlesbrough, in Newcastle or Devonport.

The Socialists' dupe

For him, even if the Red Flag flies from the clock tower at Westminster instead of the Union Jack, the factory syren will still call in the early dawn, and the week-end still find him in the position of receiving a wage for his labour.

He may be certain of this, at least, that under the most Socialistic Government of which he can conceive, he will be just as hard at work as the manual labourers now are in Soviet Russia, and that his wages will be screwed down to the lowest point in the economic interest of the whole State.

This being a fact of which he cannot entertain a doubt, he may be willing to go a step further and to ask two questions of great importance.

First, Is the Socialist politician inviting the worker to make a Socialistic State in the worker's interest, or in the Socialist politician's interest? And, second, Is the Socialist politician likely to be more successful than the present directors of British trade and commerce in selling the products of the workman's labour in foreign markets?

The answers are surely obvious. The workman is to put his shoulder to the political wheel in order to make an easy job for the propagandist of Socialism, he himself returning obediently to the workshop, the mine, and the engine-plate when the job is done.

In the second case, no political change can abridge in any way the economic necessities of the British workman. He would still have to work, he would still have to sell in the open market of the world, and he would still have masters to direct his labour.

Therefore he is asked to run the enormous risk of overturning a system which would have to be, as far as he is concerned, an exact replica of the present system if it is to work at all, and which may not work at all in the inexperienced hands of men who so far have given us evidence only of the eccentric rovings of their minds.

Is it worth the workman's while to entertain such a hazardous experiment?

But the agitator will reply to me that the present system does not work, and is condemned by him on that solid economic ground.

Brazen folly

The answer to this objection is simple enough. The present system worked very well, well enough to make us the greatest nation in Europe, until he came upon the scene; and it would work well enough now to assure us of a reasonable national prosperity if all his efforts were not directed to its destruction.

It works marvellously well in the United States of America; and it is very certain that Bolshevism would work even more badly than it works now if agitators in Russia were allowed to preach ca' canny and to organise strikes.

Nothing is more absurd and irrational in the present condition of our politics than the folly of the Socialist in criticising the success of a system which he himself is engaged in attempting to wreck.

If the workman is wise he will try, before turning to the desperate alternative of a politically controlled industry, an entirely new method with the present system, entirely new, at least, in this generation.

He will try what loyal co-operation with his employers can achieve to make the present system more successful. He will exchange suspicion for faith, active disloyalty for co-operation, dishonest work for honest work, and sensible brotherhood for irrational class hatred.

Burlesque of economics

Let me assure the worker, however great and just his moral indignation against the many evils of the present time, that his political thinking stands as urgently in need of order as the minds of the selfish rich stand in need of moral discipline.

It is a dangerous state for any nation to find itself in, when its leisured class is frivolous, unmindful of its duties, and without any impetus towards creative satisfactions.

But it is more than a dangerous state for any nation to find itself in, when its working classes listen to a lunatic's burlesque of economic law and plunge a crowbar of violent stupidity into the delicate mechanism which feeds them with daily bread.

Boss Tell?

by R. B. SUTHERS

whole incomes of the whole people (above a certain modest level) were pooled and divided equally, there would be no more than an extra 5s. a week per family to share out.

He concludes, then, that it is a waste of time to quarrel about any unjust inequalities of income which may exist, and that the wisest course is for Capital and Labour to unite in an effort to increase the total wealth production.

This calculation may be unassailable, but the accompanying argument cuts no ice with the wage-earners near the "fodder" basis, who feel they are being defrauded of their just share now.

WHAT would Sir Josiah himself say to a "partner" whom he suspected of robbing him, who attempted to placate him by proposing that they should put their heads together, and try to increase their total income to be shared out on the old unfair terms?

Again, Sir Josiah Stamp has on more than one occasion given the imprimatur of his authority to the workers' suspicions on the question of hidden profits and reserves.

Speaking a short time ago, before the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Sir Josiah hinted broadly that whilst balance-sheets might claim to be truthful, there were a lot of other truths that they did not tell. That, to-day, is the view of many wage-earners, and many salary-earners too.

Since the war, the practice of watering capital by the reflotation of companies at new and increased values, and the issue of bonus shares out of hidden reserves, has added an enormous burden to the backs of those who have to earn the extra dividends on this inflated capital.

The representatives of the wage-earners argue quite reasonably that as wages, salaries and dividends are paid for services rendered in a "partnership," there ought to be no secrecy about the share taken by any section.

THERE is no secrecy about the salaries of the Prime Minister and the members of the Cabinet; there is no secrecy about the salaries of Civil servants, the salary of the Town Clerk of Manchester or the Chief Constable of Birmingham; everybody knows what George Robey gets.

Of course, as Sir Herbert Samuel, chairman of the Coal Commission, observed, it might be harmful to publish broadcast the profits of an individual firm of coal exporters. There is no demand for this. All that the wage-earners ask is that their representatives should have access to the figures. The justice of this claim is undeniable, and there will be no peace in industry until it is granted.

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BLUE FUNK AND RED RUIN

by NORMAN ANGELL

THE recent prosecution of Communists was a bad move. It has already brought sympathy and support from quarters which were previously openly hostile. The only effective answer to nonsense is reason. Force is useless!

EVERYBODY outside the ranks of die-hards of the Duke of Northumberland type feels that somehow things were bungled in the prosecution of the twelve Communists, and realises that this is not the way to fight Communism nor prevent Britain going the way of Russia.

Well, it most certainly is not. But do we realise how very much it is not? how this method is steadily building up the strength of revolution in Britain and making immensely more difficult the task of those who would prevent it?

Note the sequence of events. At the Labour Party conference in the summer the Communists had not only been disavowed, but expelled. Labour had taken resolutely its stand for constitutionalism; the Communists, together with their creed, were completely discredited.

A few weeks later a Conservative Home Secretary, who had himself been a preacher of mutiny and unconstitutional methods, announces with jubilation the prosecution of twelve Communists on the strength of an eighteenth-century Act, passed when the country was under the influence of funk and panic.

The thin end of the wedge

Every worker who has known, or who has heard his father tell, of the bitter struggles against authority for the right to organise trade unions, to make known the workers' grievances even, how law has been twisted against them in the past, had an instinct of misgiving.

Where was this thing to end? Was this the thin end of the wedge? He learns that a member of the Government Party has already a Bill in hand designed to make the political and constitutional activities of the trade unions more difficult. There are such incidents as the release of the ruffians calling themselves Fascisti who attacked the *Herald* van.

It was a very deep and very sound instinct, which made the rank-and-file feel that in the prosecution of the Communists lay a danger to free speech and working-class political activity.

Everybody knew that this action would compel the Labour leaders and the Labour Party to do the one thing they did not want to do—come to the defence of Communists and in some measure identify themselves with the revolutionaries.

The hidden meaning

Was this the object of the prosecution? To embarrass the Labour Party, to discredit it with the stupider section of the public, knowing full well that the action of the leaders would be taken as showing that they were "Communists at heart," despite the conflict revealed at the last Labour Party conference?

If that *was* the object, it is a piece of "too-clever-by-half" intrigue, involving risks so enormous for the country as to be infamous.

For we shall face next six months industrial difficulties and conflicts which, though they *need* not take a revolutionary turn, will take that turn despite everything the wiser Labour leaders may do, if such manœuvres succeed, and unless those outside the ranks of labour show a little insight, common-sense and toleration.

And among those to whom such a warning might well be addressed are certain journalists continually admonishing Labour.

They stress the "wickedness" of sedition and revolution; they—or the more religiously inclined, like the "Gentleman with a Duster"—appeal as against this wickedness, particularly of revolutionary confiscations, to the "unchanging canons of the modern law," to "righteousness"; and they assume that revolution will come, if it does come, from the action of "Labour firebrands," and not at all from the action of Jixes and Fascisti and die-hard opposition to necessary changes.

The Socialist bogey

Let us see how all this missed the point. Firstly, revolution is not necessarily immoral. Cromwell was a revolutionist; George Washington, the Barons at Runnymede—most of the heroes of most nations—were revolutionaries of one kind or another.

Many of the privileges we now value most highly were the outcome of revolutions and "seditions"—our own or somebody else's.

Secondly, therefore, it is as useless to talk of righteousness and the moral law to the convinced revolutionist as it would have been to adopt that tone to Cromwell. If the revolutionist really believed his cause unrighteous, he would not be worth discussing.

Broadly, one may say that the revolutionary who is not a fanatic—that is to say, passionately convinced that he is right, and the men who oppose him unrighteous and wicked—is not dangerous. No "paid agitator" ever made a revolution that did anything.

Thirdly, if revolution comes in Britain, it will be due (given the character of our workers) very much less to "agitation" than to the tendency of the comfortable classes to look upon any change in industrial method which touches private property or old-established privileges as "immoral," of those who are so frightened by words that they think of the nationalisation of women when they see the word "Socialism."

What should be done

Let us enlarge on this a little. The writer of these lines happens to believe that revolution of the machine-gun, street-barricade type is, from the point of view of the worker in this country, absolutely fatuous; that it may conceivably come; that it may do a great deal of damage (especially to the worker), but that it can only make the establishment of a better social order immeasurably more difficult.

But he is also quite sure that the Socialist fanatics, who regard it as inevitable, and the one means of asserting the will of the workers and their right to a due share of the world's wealth and freedom, are absolutely sincere, and believe themselves the champions of the true righteousness, the best morality.

There is just one way, and one way only, to meet the revolutionary: to show clearly to the workers that the method won't work; why it won't work; in what manner it will fail and why.

But there is something else that must be shown, too—namely, that those to whom the present system gives power and authority hold themselves ready to accept any change which would improve the lot of the people as a whole.

If those now in the seats of the mighty say, in effect: "Your scheme for improving the lot of the mass of folk might

Mr. Norman Angell

work, but would be bad for our privileged position, and we will therefore have none of it," then their opposition will be overcome by force, if no other way is available.

Even if they take the line: "Poverty is inevitable; there always have been poor; there always will be poor"—then they must expect "the poor" to put this philosophy, so popular with people not poor, to the test of experiment.

It is no good talking excitedly about "confiscation." For, but a year or two since, the very people using such language were maintaining the right of the State, the community, to confiscate lives. And hundreds of thousands of young workers were compelled to give, not money, but life itself, to promote the nation's security.

The defenders of conscription cannot say now: "If the general welfare demands a citizen's life, it is highly moral for the Government to exact it: but if the general welfare demands the sacrifice of private property, why, it is immoral and abominable confiscation for the Government to take it." That won't do.

All plans of reform must and will finally be judged by one test: would they, if carried out, promote the nation's prosperity and welfare? Will they work?

The attitude of the fortunate, the haves, the present incumbents of power, will be judged by their answer to this question: Are they ready to do as much for peace as they were ready to do for war?

The war to wage

The country is in danger now, from the dangers—moral and material—that arise from unemployment, bad housing, economic insecurity. These are just as evil as the danger from German pedlars in Trafalgar Square.

Are the well-to-do and the powerful ready to admit that and say: "It is just as important to fight these evils as it was to fight the Germans, and we are ready to sacrifice as much in this war as in the other; to be just as sincere in doing our bit and trying honestly every thing that promises to be an effective remedy"?

If that is their attitude to these present troubles, there will be no revolution and no Communist dictatorship. If they cannot say that in their hearts, then the revolution may well be only just round the corner.

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TOBACCO
Sweet and Cool to the Last.
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PER OZ.
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AN ORACLE IN PETTICOATS

SEERS AS OTHERS SEE 'EM

by **SYDNEY A. MOSELEY**

APALPABLE, conscienceless fraud is Madame Manya Rickard, of 48, George Street, W. Her audacity is staggering, her effrontery inconceivable. Madame Rickard advertises in *Light*, which is the official organ of occultists.

As a preliminary I sent her 5s., and receiving no reply for some time, I wrote to her, calling her attention to her omission, and in her apology she stated that my letter had been overlooked, and that she was most anxious to see me.

In previous articles I have shown how fortune-tellers, by their subtle questions, obtain the clues they desire.

Madame Rickard began in the same way and soon discovered that it was safe to assume that my mother had passed over. But when she mentioned my father in a question, the answer to which would enable her to guess, I turned the tables by counter-questioning.

Thus I asked: "Is my father coming back soon?" Madame Rickard at once replied: "Yes! He will soon be returning, as soon as the tide turns."

Cash on delivery

This answer, seeing that my father has long been dead, encouraged me to be bold. Madame Rickard began by being businesslike.

"I suppose the guinea is all right?" she asked, and she sighed when I reassured her.

"What would you like?" she asked.

I said that I understood that she was a trance medium.

"Very well," she said, and forthwith went into a so-called trance.

"I get a rather elderly lady—your mother—there she is! Just by me—now she has gone over to you and has placed her arms round your neck.

"'Ah my boy! I am very pleased to see you. I can hardly tell you how joyous I am that you are here, because I know that you have been troubled. But this is to tell you that you are coming out of your dark period.'"

"How is father getting on?" I said callously.

"'Ah! He has not got on quite as well as expected, but he will be returning.'"

"I suppose you know he has married again?" I asked.

"'Some subjects, my son, are too painful for me to discuss, but the fact that somebody else has taken my place in his affections must naturally sadden me and yet it is inevitable . . .'" and yards more of the most senile inventions.

An invented list

Emboldened I ventured further. "'Do you think I am right in getting a divorce?"

"'My darling boy, even a mother must not interfere between husband and wife. But she has certainly turned against you, and there is really no help for it.

"'You must go ahead, taking care not to be seen with anybody else, and see her taking care to have no witnesses. . . .'"

Here Madame Rickard makes a shot. She said, rather gingerly: "'You must look after the boy. He has your nature and needs a mother's care. What are you going to do with him?'"

"I suppose sending him to school would be the obvious thing."

"'Yes, I know that, but before he goes let someone look after him—somebody with a mother's love just as he has had with . . . the servant . . . .'"

"You mean Martha?" I asked.

"'Yes!'" she says promptly, although, of course, there is neither wife, child nor Martha.

I go further. "What about the girl?"

"'Ah! My beloved son, I am afraid she is not getting on as well as I expected.'"

"Really!" I interrupted, "I thought she was getting on well."

"'Ah!'" is the astute reply, "'you may be referring to her health, but I am referring to her character. You will look after her, my dear boy, won't you?'"

"I suppose you know that Edward has had his leg off?" said I.

"'I know everything, my boy. You would be surprised at the privileges are afforded to go here and there and everything.'"

"Then, of course, George. What do you think of George?"

"'Oh dear! Oh dear! George, I afraid, is not all I could have desired. But (brightening up) it is *your* future for the moment I am concerned with. When we have pulled you through your troubles then we shall concentrate on George.'"

Sydney A. Moseley

I need hardly say that I invented Edward, George and the rest in order to unmask this humbug.

The "spirit" goes back to the rather easy theme of the erring wife, and for twenty minutes talks without a break about the unhappiness of my present position, her disloyalty and about my future happiness if I "marry again." I listened to all this with mixed feelings.

But Madame Rickard is prepared to give a full measure of rubbish for a guinea, because she proceeds:

"Ah! I see here you have been having words. Is that so?"

"Well, we all have words some time or other."

"Well, this time the words are all on your side. You are laying down the law. But don't be disturbed about anything anybody says. You have a wonderful future. . . ."

Easy money

So has Madame Rickard if the law permits her, because she told me that at a public meeting she had given over eight tests, and at this little flat in George Street she sees about ten clients a day.

If she charges them all a guinea it is not a bad rate of pay.

Better in a Harem

by **LORD HEADLEY** *(the only Muslim Member of the House of Lords)*

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS is not the least of the failings of our religious leaders. The existence of glaring social evils at their very doorstep does not prevent them from raising their voice in violent denunciation of the adherents of other creeds on points of mere dogma or national custom.

Without entering into a religious discussion, I may be allowed to repeat some of the criticisms which come by way of retort from the "benighted" peoples of the East, who are so often the targets of our English bishops.

I wonder, for example, if we are quite justified in condemning the way other nations manage their womenfolk and deal with the sex problem.

Under the "Christian" régime a rich man may have one wife for whom he is more or less responsible and fifty other ladies to whom he is not beholden.

IN the East a man may have four wives, when he can afford to keep them, but he is responsible for them all, as well as for any children he may have by them. Consequently, prostitution, as we understand it, is little seen in the East.

I do not feel at all sure that women do not have a better time in many Eastern countries; at any rate they are often well fed and cared for, instead of having to walk the streets in order to "exist."

The Bishop of London assures me that Islam is responsible for the slavery of 30,000 Christian girls who have been forced into harems against their will, and has requested me to co-operate with my brother Muslims to bring about the release of these unfortunate young women.

I HAVE assured him that anything like compulsion or injustice is no part of the Islamic teaching, and that if any cruelties have been practised they have not, and never will have, the sanction of Islam.

It is this kind of talk, coming from one of the leaders of the State religion of England, which irritates and insults millions of the King's subjects in the East. The missionaries, on whom the bishops rely for their reports, are capable of the grossest misrepresentation.

They tell unsophisticated people at home that we Muslims "worship Muhammad," that we all "have to have four wives," and that women "have no souls and are not allowed inside the mosques."

These, of course, are fabrications. Muslims do not worship the Prophet, but God. Ninety-nine per cent. of married Muslims have only one wife, and she is certainly as much "soul" as the English woman, who was granted a vote only two short years ago.

I am doing my best to find the real facts of the "30,000 slave girls" story and shall interview people who can be relied upon to give the unvarnished truth.

In any case, there must be scores of English girls who would far rather be well nourished in a harem than wearing out shoe-leather seeking a temporary engagement of a degrading character.

I have not the slightest intention of trying to run down the religion which I believe Jesus Christ preached. I do want to protest against its modern interpretation, which has substituted dogma for faith and cant for Christian conduct.

LET the bishops devote their whole energies to infusing something of the spirit of Christ into the life of their own country. When they have begun to succeed in building "Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," they will be assured of an attentive hearing from the simple-minded Muslim.

Until then the East will treat their sermons and their fulminations alike with indifference and contempt.

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Here's a glorious run, up hill and down dale—
Your jolly good health, Sir, in Younger's Scotch Ale

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William Younger's Scotch Ale

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If you send a postcard or fill in the coupon below, sufficient Glax-ovo to make two cupfuls, with a most interesting book, "Vitamins and what they mean to you," will be sent FREE.

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Cut out this coupon now and put it in an envelope ready for posting.

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Send me FREE TRIAL TIN, enough for two cups of delicious Glax-ovo, and the book, "Vitamins and What They Mean to You."

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HAVE you ever tried counting the stars? You say: "Absurd, impossible."

Yet if you look about you in the train to-morrow morning, or at your office, or wherever men forgather, you will find it quite an interesting experiment to count the little stars on the stems of pipes.

You will soon realise the popularity of the "CITY DE LUXE," the pipe with the star on the mouthpiece. But you will never fully appreciate the reason for this popularity until you have tried this cool-smoking pipe.

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Three Garments. Perfectly tailored. Sports Suits, belt at back, in light, mid-grey, and brown All Wool Tweeds. All sizes direct from our own Factory, and offered at the amazing price of

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The Sentence of the Court

SAFEGUARDING "WINSTUNT"

An Anti-blushing Bill

STANLEY BALDWIN pleaded "Not guilty" when charged under the Trade Marks Act with wrongfully describing an article and offering it to the public under a misleading label.

Putting in as an exhibit an article labelled "The Safeguarding of Industries (Customs Duties) Bill," Mr. Watchdog, K.C., asked the jury to examine this document through a microscope, to weigh, taste and smell it, to count its teeth, take its finger-prints, feel its bumps and subject it to any other test, and if they did not unanimously pronounce it to be a Finance Bill he would eat his wig.

"This is, in fact, a Bill embodying three new protective duties," continued counsel, "and ordinarily it would be described as 'Finance Bill (No. 2).' Why, then, has it not been issued under its proper title?

"The answer, so far as Mr. Winstunt Churchill is concerned, is a lemon. A Finance Bill would be piloted through the House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the present Chancellor is (among other things too humorous to mention) an ex-Free Trader.

"Some day it may suit Mr. Churchill once again to change his views for the sake of his career. All we know is that, for the time being, he is a sort of Freetectionist, and if he were required to take charge of a Protectionist measure such as this, it might do damage to his Free (and easy) Trade conscience.

"It was for this reason that the Premier disguised the Bill with false whiskers, altered its number plate and had it introduced under an alias by the President of the Board of Trade—a trick of which, I do not doubt, the jury will express severe disapproval."

* * *

MR. BALDWIN, who was not represented by counsel, defended his action in a speech embellished with quotations from Shakespeare ("What's in a name?"), Milton ("Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd"), George Robey ("Have I made a *faux pas?*") and other classics.

Mr. Churchill, he urged, had already incurred more than his fair share of unpopularity. The Chancellor up to now had done his duty admirably, and he (Mr. Baldwin) did not wish to make him responsible for these additional "duties."

* * *

"INSTEAD of being called 'The Safeguarding of Industries (Customs Duties) Bill,' this measure should be entitled 'The Safeguarding of Conscience (Churchill) Bill,'" said Mr. Justice Bull. "A more needless piece of deception I have never encountered, for it has been repeatedly proved—notably in connection with the civilian war victims—that the agile Winstunt does not suffer from a conscience.

"Mr. Baldwin, apparently, is under the quaint illusion that his ex-Free Trade Chancellor might be reduced to blushing if forced to acknowledge the paternity of a Protectionist offspring; but if Winston had not long ago conquered this girlish habit he would be suffused with a permanent blush from his spats to the crown of his latest and quaintest hat.

"Mr. Baldwin is generally given credit for calling a spade a spade, and I am disappointed to find him pretending that this particular spade is merely a new sort of toothpick. It is my duty to sentence him to six months' rigid safeguarding of his own conscience."

In Sunshine Ward

The Mystery Man

Doomed by a Fortune-teller

by PHILIP INMAN

I REMEMBER the day Robert Shann came into the hospital. He carried a small attaché case which had in it over £500 in notes and gold and he handed it to me for safe custody. He also gave me an envelope with these words written on it, "Not to be opened until after my death."

"I'm ill," said the man, "very ill, and it is not likely that I shall ever see the outside of this building again." He refused to give any information about himself and said that all he wanted was a bed and a doctor to look after him.

London is full of "mystery men" and here was one of them. As the weeks passed he become more and more a human enigma. He neither wrote nor received a single letter.

Not a soul in the outside world seemed to know of his whereabouts, and on visiting days he was the only one in the ward who welcomed not the smile of a friend.

Isolated and aloof he took no interest whatever in his surroundings. The men in the neighbouring beds tried to draw him out, but gave it up as a bad job.

The wireless laid on to his bedside was left severely alone. Even a newspaper or a magazine had no attraction for him.

But it does not end here. He was also a medical problem. He baffled and bewildered the best brains in medical science. Every kind of treatment was tried in vain. He was examined, X-rayed and inoculated. Countless blood tests were taken, and yet, in spite of all, physicians and surgeons had to confess themselves beaten.

Yet the man was not a malingerer. In a few weeks he lost two stones in weight, and he went down the hill to such an extent that he came to look like a living corpse.

Lonely, depressed and ill—is there a more tragic fate?

* * *

Is the age of wonders past? This morning as I stood by the patient's bedside he became unusually talkative. With a smile he told me that it was his forty-fifth birthday and dramatically he said, "Now I shall soon be well again."

Almost feverishly he told me his amazing story:

"Seventeen years ago I got into a scrape and had to quit the country. I went to Canada and on a lonely ranch buried myself from the world. Two years ago I decided to sell out and return home. Everyone I cared for had gone and the others did not want to know me.

"One day I went to the Wembley Exhibition and amongst other things had my fortune told. It was my fancy to hear my past life described almost to the letter. I asked about my future and I am sorry I did.

"Things looked pretty black for me, so I was told. Between the ages of forty-four and forty-five I was to have a serious illness and the result of it was doubtful. At first I regarded it as a joke and then it sort of got on my nerves and I brooded about it until I really was bad."

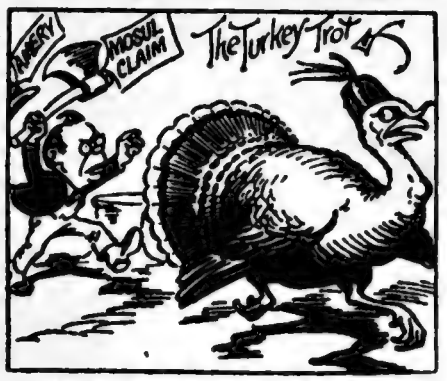
The "mystery man" paused and then with a twinkle in his eye went on. "Well, I'm past the dangerous age and my motto for the future will be—'To hell with all the fortune-telling tribe!'"

Sensible people share these sentiments.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

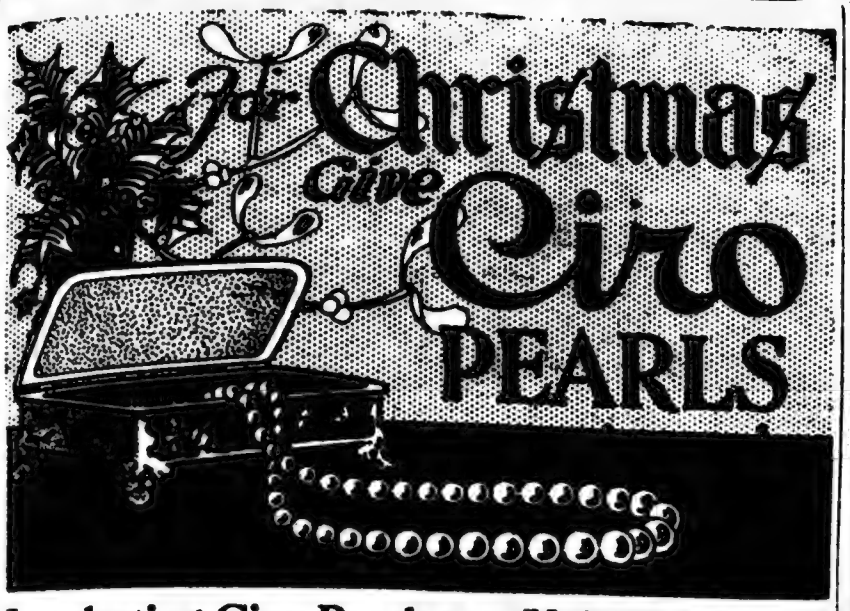
by FRANK HOLLAND

Why should the State thus imitate
The meanest undercutter?
For rates of pay like this to-day
Will not buy bread and butter.



He tries to calm the fowl's alarm
But still the Turkey cock
Betrays no wish to make a dish
By "going to the block."

Our friends the French can't stand the wrench
Of paying more taxation.
And so (we read) they've now agreed
To sanction more "inflation."



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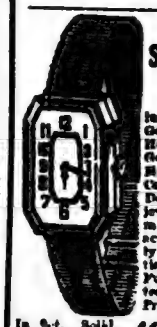

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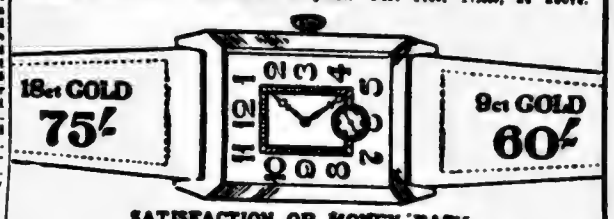

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Its warm sweetness
And its sweet warmth
Clinging to the palate
Alluringly

Drink it . . .

Feel its comforting warmth
Tingle through your veins
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Well being

Drain it . . .

To the last drop
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The very cockles of your heart!

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Stone's, the Original Green Ginger Wine, can be obtained from all Wine Merchants and Grocers.

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Words Winged to Women

CHILDREN ON THE CROSS

Making the Angels Weep

by MABEL HORNER

THE Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education has paid a remarkable tribute to the value of women's service. Sir George Newman is no red-tape-bound, cut-and-dried official. He has the welfare of our children really at heart. This makes his annual reports more than dreary budgets of facts and figures. They are human documents.

Sir George's latest report cheers, but still more in some directions does it sadden. It is cheering to know that British children generally are on the upgrade. Medical inspection, with medical treatment taken in time, the broadcasting of information from child welfare centres, have all played their part.

As was recently demonstrated by a scientist making intelligence tests on the other side of the Atlantic, our children stand high among the youngsters of the world.

Sir George Newman says:—"Never before in the history of England has there been so much enlightened and organised effort on behalf of child welfare as now." That is good news. We are learning to appreciate and care for the child as a great national asset.

Starving midst plenty

Less pleasing is the ugly truth that children in the rural districts are not sharing, as they ought to share, in the general improvement in physique noticeable in the town child. It is not the fault of their mothers. It is poverty, lack of air and sunshine, actual penury in food.

The children living close to nature, the bairns who pass through leafy lanes and rich harvest fields in which their fathers toil, are actually the ones who go in dire need of really nourishing food. No other indictment of our land laws is needed. I think, as those little children pass the grain stores, their guardian angels must weep.

When the war was on, when food production became the thing of paramount importance to the nation, the men left to till the fields came, for a brief space, into their own. Money was more plentiful. And then—the testimony is given by the doctors of such districts—the physique, appearance and clothing of the country children was good.

A mother's dreadful treatment

The war ended. Supplies again came in from overseas. The status of the farm labourer sunk below pre-war, and conditions all round altered for the worse. This is nothing less than crucifixion of the country's childhood.

While only 9.8 per cent. of the children of farmers have a physique below the average, the children of farm labourers show 23.8 per cent. below.

"The young of all animals," says Sir George Newman, "depend for survival upon food and exercise, upon warmth and fresh air. It is, in a word, *nurture* of which they stand in need. If they lack these four things their growth is stunted and their bodies become less resistant"—*i.e.*, to disease.

And here, in the midst of this favoured land, we have hosts of little children denied them all. Rural schools are dark and ill-built; some are damp and leaking; in some sanitary arrangements are filthy.

"Poor physique goes with poor home conditions," and in the country homes are few and in the case of labourers evil. Moreover, roofs can be snatched from workers' heads at the whim of the employing farmer.

Henry Todd, living in a hut near Worksop, was evicted from his cottage when his farm employment ceased. His wife, five weeks confined, was hustled

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education

out of bed with her unwashed baby and not allowed time to drink a cup of tea. She stayed on Lindrick Common the whole of that day without bite or sup, and it was several days before a cottager lent her a room and hot water.

This case, from a northern source, is a dreadful example of what is going on in rural districts to-day.

Sir George Newman pays a tribute to women when he suggests that women's institutes, with their voluntary workers, could so organise education in mothercraft that the country child may have the benefits which the town child now gets.

Also women are needed on every local authority to fight these evils. Once realised, women will assuredly carry the fight further, into Parliament, and work for the reformation of our land laws.

No Mother Need Apply!

by DR. MARIE STOPES *(President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, Author of "Married Love")*

DR. STOPES is writing a series of articles on topics of vital interest to women. She invites correspondence, and readers' queries addressed to her at this office will be dealt with as speedily as possible if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

A POOR little woman told me her story. She and her husband have three children, the youngest a few months old. They live in one room in a basement, and it is damp and dark. There is nowhere for the children to play but the streets, and at this time of the year the streets are not the place.

At the birth of her child the doctor had told her she must not have another, as it would almost certainly cost her her life. She asked him what she was to do, and this doctor shrugged his shoulders. Had he a heart? One wonders!

Thousands of such travesties of homes exist. Thousands of women in this country of enlightenment are faced with just this problem, without any help from those who have the knowledge and power to help them.

A YOUNG girl I know has not very long been married and set up a home in two rooms. She allowed Nature to take its normal way and looked forward with great happiness to becoming a mother. Directly her landlady found out this fact she gave her notice to go, and the girl and her husband were turned out of the rooms, in a town where it was almost impossible to get accommodation.

The young couple became almost desperate, and had to accept the only shelter they could find, where, as the only condition on which he would allow them accommodation, she was forced to work at the hardest possible housework for the landlord.

HENCE, instead of taking life easily in the rooms she had prepared for her comfort, she had to work harder than a general servant during the months her baby was expected.

These two acts of cruelty were perpetrated, not by the rich and comfortable, but by the people of her own class. Their hearts were not touched either by the personal difficulties of the young wife, or by the even greater thought of the race and the social meaning of a potential mother.

These outline sketches of two women's lives show aspects of a national attitude of brutal inhumanity and racial callousness to motherhood. Both arise because we have not valued life.

Sometimes, when I have been talking about the need to spread news of birth control, I have mentioned such scandals, and then Lady X or Countess Y will shrug her pearl-decked shoulders and say, "Oh, but you exaggerate. Really the poor are very well-off at present, with all these doles and all that is being done for them."

I have tried till I have nearly broken my heart in the effort to make England see and understand the meaning of such homes, the harm they do, not only to the mothers themselves, but to the next generation, through their effect upon the young people.

That is why I have tried to paint side by side a true picture of two contrasting homes, a slum home and a comfortable happy home, and to show them through the medium now most popular of all—the cinematograph picture.

IN "Maisie's Marriage," which is being shown at the Scala Theatre every afternoon, I have made an all-British film effort to paint British homes. If Lilian Hall-Davis, acting as a girl who comes from one of the scandalous homes, does not wring the hearts of Londoners, I do not know what will.

And if they are wrung, what about it? Will those who have knowledge and power be allowed by their consciences to continue to lead comfortable, peaceful lives, while women and children are ruined and tortured by poverty and ignorance in the same city?

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Haman Documents

The Three Musketeers

Forgive and Forget—A Cruel Act—Inhuman Daughter

"THREE of us who had enlisted together went out in the same unit to France, and on the battlefields there became knitted together in comradeship, and indeed, were so inseparable, both in the grim duties which we had to perform and in the lighter side of campaigning, that we were dubbed 'The Three Musketeers.'

"It will give you some idea of the warmth of our relationship when I tell you that when two of us were wounded, it was almost a grief rather than a relief to us that the third could not accompany us to hospital.

"Our friendship continued unabated after we were demobilised, although our ways lay apart. One went into the country and took up agriculture, and though his health had been greatly impaired by his war experience, he prospered and after a time married.

"I, THE eldest of the trio, and the third, who was the youngest, were not so fortunate. The youngster was practically without friends or relations, and I took him under my wing, and for many months we roughed it together as brothers.

"When at last I was given assistance which enabled me to set up in business in a modest way, my first thought was to take my young chum with me.

"When my little business was launched, the three of us had a reunion in the country, and it was then that the rift in the lute which threatens to destroy our harmony was started.

"Our old comrade's wife was a young woman who seemed to care little for a humdrum domestic existence, and wished continually to attend dances and whist drives in the nearest town, and it became apparent that our pal had not picked a winner in the matrimonial stakes.

"NOT long afterwards, the youngest, who was with me, showed every sign of losing interest in the business, and seemed to live only for the week-ends which he spent in the country, without telling me exactly where. At last he asked me to release him, telling me he had an offer of employment near our friend's place.

"I could not, of course, keep him against his will, but had to let him go. What grieved me most, however, was his admission before he left that he had taken this other job in order to be near the undutiful wife, with whom he had been carrying on an intrigue.

"Now I feel very sorry for the injured husband, who is, I believe, unaware of the domestic calamity which threatens him. I do not like to tell him of it, for fear of the grief it would cause him, but up till now all my efforts to draw our young chum away from his foolish infatuation have been fruitless.

"I have told him that I will willingly take him back and give him a share in the business if he will only abandon the dangerous course he is pursuing, but he seems too weak to resist temptation.

"What can I tell him, 'Humanist,' that will stop him from wrecking the happy comradeship of three fellows who have so much to endear them to one another?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Friendship that does not connote self-sacrifice is not worthy of the name of friendship, and the lad's regard for his old comrade alone should restrain him. You may find it most effective, however, to point out that a woman who will leave her husband is not likely to remain constant to her lover, and that if he betrayed his pal, he would probably be making a rod for his own back. At the same time, I think you might urge the wife to remember her obligations.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

Sins of Long Ago

"I HAVE discovered recently that my wife had been divorced when I married her, and that between her divorce and my advent into her life she led a life which can at best only be described as immoral.

"This came as a great shock to me, and although I had a great love for her I feel that I can never be the same again to her—in fact, my love is dead.

"Another aspect of the case is that people in this district have obtained knowledge of her past, and I am afraid of it making my post here untenable.

"In the meantime, I have met another girl whom I could love dearly if only I were free to do so.

"I am certain that the love for my wife will never revive, and I am certain that in the other girl I have met one who would be a real partner to me and a help to me, while my wife seems only to be dragging me down."

"HUMANIST" says:—*You have put only one side of the matter. I do not suppose you made a full confession of any moral lapses in your life when you married your wife, and if she has been a good and faithful wife to you she has surely redeemed the sins of long ago. I think the love you felt for her would return if you tried to forget the past, instead of coveting the pleasures of another courtship.*

* * *

Spoilt Child

"THERE is trouble in my home over the upbringing of my youngest child.

"When I met my second husband, I was entirely devoted to my child, and before I consented to marry him, I made him promise that he would never lay hands on her.

"He consented to these conditions, and until a few years ago we were perfectly happy, having our own children, and we never dreamt that the little one would become a bone of contention; but, unfortunately, the child has turned out differently from what we expected.

"She is now ten years old, and she is becoming quite unmanageable. She has taken to pilfering, and she invents the most extraordinary stories when she is asked to explain why things are missing.

"My husband is sticking rigidly to his promise not to interfere with her, and seeing that our other four children are treated quite differently, and obey his every word, I wonder what can be done with this wayward child."

"HUMANIST" says:—*Your difficulty is, of course, of your own making. You were very foolish to make your husband promise he would never chastise your child, and you should admit you were mistaken, and ask him to exercise authority over her.*

"JOHN BULL'S"
XMAS GIFT TO YOU
Your last chance before Christmas
See page 2

Penalised Children

"I AM a married woman who was forced to leave my husband owing to his cruelty. After years of loneliness, lived with a man for twelve months [illegible] the only comfort I had ever known. He had never married, but, as was tied to my husband he was unable to make me his wife.

"He had done seventeen years and ten months' soldiering, and when he died two years ago he left me with a child ten months old. I have worked hard for the little one, but now I am broken in health.

"I applied for an orphan's pension under the new Act, for, as it said in the papers that the pensions were for children whose fathers were dead, I thought the baby would come under the scheme, as its father was an insured person, and I have myself paid insurance contributions from the beginning.

"You can imagine how I felt when I was told that orphans' pensions were not for the children of unmarried mothers.

"If this child grows up, and follows in his father's footsteps, answering his country's call in the hour of need, will they ask him then, before accepting him if he is the child of an unmarried mother?

"Many, many sons, and daughters too, of unmarried mothers laid down their lives in the war. Why are they not considered as good as other children?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is impossible not to have sympathy with such children as yours, for it seems a hardship that children should be penalised for the sins of their parents by being excluded from the benefits extended to other orphans, but I am afraid there is no remedy until the nation takes a less narrow view of its duty towards such poor little unfortunates.*

* * *

The Little Peacemaker

"My parents were much opposed to my marriage, and only gave their consent to avoid a scandal. Now they have written saying they would like to see the baby which was the cause of all the trouble. Do you think I should gratify them?"

"Humanist" says: *Certainly you should. It would be most gratifying if the baby whose arrival caused the estrangement from your parents turned out at last to be a peacemaker and effected a reconciliation.*

A Mean Threat

"My sister was compelled to break off her engagement owing to her fiancé's addiction to drink, and now, after a long time, he has written to her begging her to make it up, and threatening to drink himself to death if she refuses."

"Humanist" says: *Have nothing to do with him. Such a threat is a cowardly attempt to work on a woman's sympathy, and shows the worthlessness of his character. I almost feel that a person capable of making such a threat would render everyone the best possible service by carrying it out.*

Old Age a Burden

"Can you tell me of a suitable home for my mother, who is eighty-nine? She has had to leave the rooms she occupied for some years, and she really ought to have attention. She is at present staying with my husband and myself, but I have my family to look after, and I do not think it wise to have the old with the young."

"Humanist" says: *Surely you should make some sacrifice of your own comfort for the sake of your mother. As you have children of your own, you should be able to realise how terrible it would be if your own flesh and blood regarded you as a burden in the evening of your life.*

Name your favourite flower
First Prize £100

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Start at once and send in your entries early. Several entries may be enclosed in the same package if desired, but no competitor will be allowed to take more than one prize. The latest date for posting is January 9th, 1926. See the full postage is paid, otherwise your entry cannot be accepted. Address to—A. J. CALEY & SON, LTD., CRACKER COMPETITION, J.B. DEPT., NORWICH.

No correspondence whatever can be entered into, either during or after this Competition. All entries received, whether prize winners or not, become the sole property of A. J. Caley & Son, Ltd., Norwich, and will not be returned to any competitor. It must be clearly understood that all competitors enter under these conditions, and that the decision of Messrs. A. J. Caley & Son, Ltd., is final.

A complete list of Cash Prize Winners will be posted to all retailers of Caley's Crackers, for displaying on their premises and windows, commencing March 14th, 1926.

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(5) Carnation (6) Daffodil (7) Violet (8) Wallflower.

EXAMPLE.—If "Daffodil" is your first choice, put the figure 6 in the first space, until each space bears a number.

The Prizes will be awarded to those Competitors who have placed the eight flowers in their correct, or most nearly correct, order as compared with the result of the mass vote.

CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS :

First Prize	£100	10 Prizes	at £2 10s. each
2nd Prize	£50	50 Prizes	at £1 each
3rd Prize	£25	Also 100 Cameras	at 12s. 6d.
4th Prize	£10	250 Handsome Boxes of Chocolates.	
5th Prize	£5		

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Mr. Alfred H. Wilkins, of 33, Rosehelm Road, Northampton, writes as follows :—"Some time ago a pimply rash appeared on the back of my right hand and the irritation was exceedingly severe. The rash used to weep, and as a result the trouble spread until it covered both hands and wrists. I tried several so-called remedies, but the trouble became worse, and it was not until I obtained Germolene that I experienced benefit. Your dressing was so efficient that in three weeks' time my hands were completely well."

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A TRAGIC AFTERMATH

St. Dunstan's (the great Organisation which has, since 1915, rebuilt the whole lives of the men blinded by war-service) is still constantly receiving new cases of blindness caused by war-service. Help St. Dunstan's to carry on its work unhindered by lack of funds. Address: The Treasurer, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

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The Pulpit Pilloried

Cant and Grit—Sleepy Jurors—Helping Fraud

Reality and Idealism

In the main, every thinking, normal person must agree with Rabbi Mattuck's notion of "A Real Religion for all," but I fear that his views are those of an idealist. I am still old-fashioned enough to think that the "heart of man is desperately wicked." The columns of JOHN BULL show us all too plainly how deep is the sink of human iniquity and how huge a task it must be for man to bring about a condition approaching a millennium.—*J. B., Clerkenwell.*

The Churches' Chance

Where there is unrest there is life. Stagnation means decay. Our newspapers never devoted so much space to questions of religion as they do now. A war-weary and sin-shattered world never turned to One Who alone offers peace and rest and regeneration as it is doing to-day. And Christ was never nearer to the world than He is now. Do the Churches realise their opportunities?—*S. J. Martin, B.Sc., Glos.*

Time Wasted

We do not want a new religion, but a carrying out of the old, as spoken by Micah, the prophet: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to deal justly, love mercy, walk humbly with thy God." That is character in its highest form, and the sooner divines and parsons spend less time in expounding doctrine and more time in Gospel truths of character the better chance we shall have of seeing the peace of the Master Christ. Less creed, less strife, and more doing good is the best religion of all.—*J. H., Bolton.*

Novelists versus Priests

I believe that we are on the eve of a great religious awakening, the way for which is being paved, not by the priests as one would expect, but by the novelists The writers of to-day have a tremendous influence over the thinking public, and their modern interpretations of the more important Christian doctrines are bound to have a far-reaching and beneficial effect.—*G. J. Matson, Kent.*

The Spirit Abroad

One of the sanest articles written on religion is that of Rabbi Mattuck. The carrying out of the real spirit matters. Religious people have sometimes antagonised people outside by their bitter contentions and insincerities. But there is a fine spirit abroad that can be conceived of as nothing else but the essential spirit of Christianity.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Theory and Practice

The Christian Church should exert its influence in shaping the social and economic and political life of the community according to the principles of righteousness, love, and service. Christ did not establish a school of thought! He saw theory wherever He went. This He condemned. He laid down a law of life—love God, love man, be noble, be true. Those who maintain that the Church should stand aloof from everyday life are doing a great disservice.—*Cymro, Neath.*

Mystical Shibboleths

There is more real religion in man's outlook to-day than there has ever been; and there is less church-going. It is clear, therefore, that the failure lies not in man but in the Churches. The time has arrived for a bold and drastic restatement of religious truths, and the sweeping away of all those outworn creeds and mystical shibboleths the prevalence of which is keeping thinking men from the Churches. *Dennis, New Cross.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Plain Words

Rabbi Mattuck takes the words of a novelist and translates them into the language of a preacher. Thereby, he exposes one of the faults of clerics: instead of using phrases which can be readily understood by the congregations, they adopt a jargon of their own which hides the real meaning of their words. The fundamentals of religion are unchanged, but preachers must speak in simple language.—*William Lace, Everton.*

Inanimate Religion

Rabbi Mattuck echoes the thoughts of countless thousands when he says that religion cannot live on texts; yet to-day we find clergy and laity alike living as though religion were merely a matter of texts and dogmas. Men and women will respond to an animate and vital religion which touches all aspects of their lives, but the religion which is dusted and put on view each Sunday and allowed to lie idle for six days each week must inevitably meet the death it merits.—*Dents Grunes, Liverpool.*

Fanaticism and Grit

I disagree entirely with "A Gentleman with a Duster" in his article respecting the man on trial on the capital charge. To talk of a brave man and connect that bravery with slushy nonsense about inability to tell a lie owing to confirmation, is reminiscent of the fables of "The Angels of Mons." We admire a man with a stiff lip and in whom the finer qualities of manhood are existent—grit, manhood, whiteness—not fanaticism.—*H. S., Carnforth.*

A Hopeful Dawn

What a wonderful example the Manchester murderer has bequeathed to the country by his adherence to truth even if it cost him his life. The difference that would be made to our national life by the elimination of all falsehood is beyond contemplation. How many strikes, for instance, would be amicably settled if the truth on both sides were laid bare. If truth in politics was the keynote, and real honesty prevailed, it would mean death to Parties, but real life to the people. Let us hope for the dawn of truth!—*Senex, Hove.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HENDON & FINCHLEY TIMES":—"£2 reward—Lost, small cluster BROOCH, white with black markings; answers to name of 'Micky.'"

"ADVENTURE":—"They saw a tall man with CLOSELY CROPPED hair. He wore only shirt, trousers and socks, and his hair was TOUSLED AND UNKEMPT."

"ACE-HIGH MAGAZINE":—"'Hey,' WHISPERED Dane in a LOUD voice."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"The reception rooms were decorated with pink roses, white lilac and other AUTUMN flowers."

"CLITHEROE ADVERTISER & TIMES":—"The BRIDEGROOM wore a mauve crepe-de-chine dress with hat to correspond."

Real Patriotism

It is possible to have an internationalist outlook on life without ceasing one jot to care for one's own country. We can all be internationalists without detriment to our standing as patriots, and indeed, one strengthens the other.—*D. N., Everton.*

The Clutching Hand

Seeing that by the New Year there will be 2,000,000 motor cars and lorries licensed and running on our highways, why should anyone be allowed to plunder the Road Fund? Why not use it for the purpose for which it was collected—the making of good roads and the widening and taking off corners and dangerous turnings.—*J. Spivey, Thirsk.*

Backing the League

Dr. M. Koppius hits the nail on the head when he suggests that an institute should be founded with the object of backing up the League of Nations. The scheme is eminently sound because hostility and suspicion are inevitably based on unfamiliarity. Getting in touch with the "other fellow" is half the battle, hence the suggestion should attain the success it so richly merits.—"*Pax*," *Inverness.*

Tired-out Jurors

Unpaid jury service is an injustice. Many working-class jurors are one-man business men, and I know of cases where these men have on their return from court worked until midnight and again early in the morning so that their business should not suffer. These men, tired out, were not fit to serve on a jury, and the first injustice of the court was their compulsory presence there.—*Walter Davies, Penketh.*

Honesty Penalised

I am of opinion that it does not pay to be honest when on the "dole." When I claimed for benefit I had to make a separate claim for my wife. Prior to putting in that claim my wife started to work to try to make ends meet, and informed the Labour Exchange. After two days my wife found she was not able to carry on. When I asked to be allowed to put in a fresh claim I was informed my wife was disqualified from benefit for six weeks.—*J. Harris, Hampstead.*

Destructive Parasite

The whole of Rev R. J. Campbell's recent article is entirely based on four letters—"Fear." We find it with all classes—Labour and Capital, Churches and nations. It is not banished by Locarno Pacts, nor is it by a toast of wine. Diplomatic treaties in the past have been like pie-crusts, easily broken. Destroy fear by simple faith, by not leaving out any of the nations from the League of Nations. Then we may at this season say Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men.—*F. R. Chapman Bristol.*

No Connection

In your issue of December 3 there is an article, "More Clubs to Raid," with reference to a man named Vanderland. It says that he is constantly to be seen in a new club known as the London Commercial Club which has its headquarters at 50, Old Compton Street. This title belongs to a club founded by the late Mr. Samson Clark soon after the war, and it would seem that Vanderland has adopted the title in an attempt to run his club under the wing of the older organisation. *A Sub of the Hunt, Mortimer Street.*

THE FINAL IMPROVEMENT TO YOUR SET

Osram Valves for Broadcasting

Your Wireless Dealer Sells them.

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Silvertown

VERNIOMETER

(Patent applied for)

An ingenious device for applying slow motion to variable condensers, variometers, etc., consisting of an ebonite dial and knob (0-180°), fitted with worm-wheel, bracket and worm-spindle, micrometer barrel and pointer, complete with fixing screws. When ordering your Verniometer, state type of condenser for which it is required.

Price 6/- each.

Sold by all leading Wireless Stores.

THE SILVERTOWN COMPANY
106, Cannon St., London, E.C.4.

6 PROGRAMMES on this CARPAX one valve SET

PRICE (including Royalty) £2/8/0

With Valve, Batteries and Headphones, £4 17s. 6d. With this famous "P.11" one-valve set you have choice of half a dozen or more Stations wherever situated.

Here's PROOF

J. D. C., Blundellsands Liverpool, writes:— "I am delighted . . . find it very selective and a good list of stations which the set has received:—Liverpool, Manchester and Daventry (excellent), Hamburg, Dortmund, Lyons, Toulouse, San Sebastian (good), Belfast (moderate) Birmingham, Stoke-on-Trent, Bournemouth, Brussels, and Madrid (fair strength) . . ."

Get our interesting Free List

CARPAX with details of crystal and valve sets and accessories. THE CARPAX COMPANY, Ltd., 210, Deansgate, MANCHESTER.

Radio Talks.

New Broadcast Method

by Professor A. M. LOW Fellow of the Radio Association

IN many ways it is a great pity that the work of the Broadcasting Committee has not been transmitted on the wireless. So many people, new to radio, fail to appreciate the many technical difficulties which have been met by the B.B.C. and their advisers.

Not many of the public realise, for example, that one of the conditions of the Postmaster-General's licence to the B.B.C. is that the profits of the company shall not exceed £500,000, and it is clear that the surplus funds can never be large.

The public, therefore, would seem to be justified in demanding that the funds should be applied to improvement of the service, and this was one of the great points made by the chairman of the B.B.C.

* * *

A WITNESS, laying down the two great demands as the necessity for having a voice in the selection of programmes and the provision of a better choice of subjects, was asked how it came about that the unit for wave measurement was the metre.

The chairman suggested that one day the centimetre might become the unit of measurement. The technical witness in his reply pointed out that this was very true, and that when it was possible to allot wave lengths within one metre or less of each other, the broadcast listener would be able to tune in to different subjects.

This point showed very clearly what developments may eventually be expected.

When the suggestion was made that in the present state of wireless science it might be as well to allow things to continue exactly as they are, the chairman of this committee asked the witness if he thought that wireless would develop rapidly.

Clearly, in his mind was the great truth that delaying the setting up of a Broadcast Commission for another five years would not alter the position in the slightest.

It seems quite likely that the result of the commission will be the establishment of some central control, with its Parliamentary and Post Office representative to hold the scales between broadcasting and the Imperial wireless services.

* * *

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused by experiments conducted on a new method of broadcasting with a kind of interrupted wave arranged so that only the possessor of a special piece of apparatus can listen in.

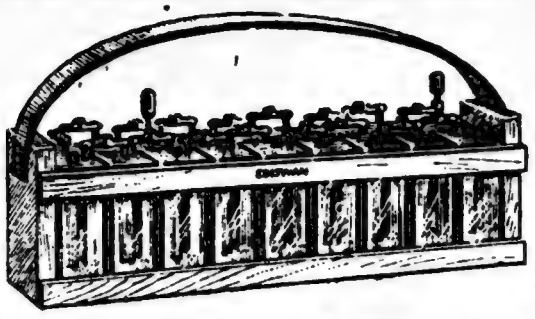
It is proposed that this system could be used for broadcasting independently of the B.B.C., and that special concerts might be provided by some company who would let out the necessary apparatus.

* * *

A USEFUL tip when dull emitter valves are used—"dulleys" become more popular every day, but require a little more humouring than the bright emitting type—is a method of rejuvenation.

If the filament is run too brightly when the high-tension battery is in circuit, the substance which causes most of the emission is liable to waste away and the valve becomes temporarily inefficient.

Very often, switching on the filament a little more brightly than usual but *without* connecting up the high-tension battery, will bring back the valve to its normal condition after a few minutes.



Another Ediswan Aid to Perfect Reception

EDISWAN "HYMEG" H.T. ACCUMULATORS

PRICE 10d. per volt.
24-30-40-50-60-72 and 100 volts. Capacity 2 amp. hours at 10 hour rate, or approx. 4,000 milliamps at ratio of discharge. Charge rate 25 amp.

These Ediswan Accumulators are specially constructed to give perfect insulation and to obviate all possibility of leakage between cells.

In Black Enamelled Teak Crates with carrying handles, syphon type filler, and two wander plugs. Prices as at side.

AT ALL WIRELESS DEALERS.

THE EDISWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD., 123/125, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

Give a GECOPHONE No. 1 CRYSTAL SET for Xmas!

It costs £4 (including all accessories) and will give years of enjoyment to every member of a family.

Your wireless dealer will demonstrate.

Better Radio this Christmas!

Perfect transmission and perfect reception can be spoiled by poor reproduction. Better radio may be ensured this Christmas by installing an AMPLION.

Prices from £4 : 15 : 0
Other Amplion Models from 25/-

AMPLION

The World's Standard Wireless Loud-Speaker

Obtainable from AMPLION STOCKISTS, Radio Dealers or Stores.

Patentees and Manufacturers:

ALFRED GRAHAM & CO. (E. A. Graham),

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ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.
144m, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW.
FOOTBALL
INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"
7 LEAGUES 6 LISTS
NOTHING BARRED.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
Applicants from London & District can call or write:
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169-173, Regent Street, London.
RACING
No Limit. Weekly A/cs.
We pay all postage.
ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

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DAVID COPE
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ALFRED H. MAURICE
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Business as usual during the Jumping Season.
Letter Commissions. No Limit.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
Winnings by return of post.
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DAVID COPE, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

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OFFERS FREE
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NAMING FOUR TEAMS
CHALLENGER Credit Coupons
NOTHING BARRED.
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A Few Vacancies for Agents.
Send at once for particulars.
ALFRED H. MAURICE
THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT,
19, BRIDE LANE, E.C.4.

How "Hot Pots" are Found

A Punter's Dilemma—Fit and Fat Horses—Betting Bunkum—Gimcrack Suggestions—Where "Bookies" are Not Wanted

B.D.A. has a golden system. He is not the first punter to strike an Eldorado. B.D.A. intends to follow first favourites over the sticks, and he wants me to put him on the right track to find them, and also to name the best paper to follow for betting forecasts.

Puzzle! Find the Springers!

Solomon could not answer either of these "simple" questions, so what chance has a racing journalist? The first favourites, particularly in the early stages of the season, are 50 per cent. "springers" in the market. That is why it pays to follow the money, and not form or whispered information. So all one has to ascertain is the "springers." Here and there a racing man receives genuine information that a certain horse is to be heavily backed, but so many stables are fighting for existence that he is not often put wise. He follows the training reports and sees the horses at their morning exercise gallops, but his best method of finding the likely springers is to pay a visit to the paddock or wait for the "blower."

Some Fit, Some Fat

A glance over the runners reveals the few fit horses; the great majority are as round as barrels of beer. He does not have to rush back to the ring, for he knows that the fit horses are being backed, and the "barrels" ignored.

Betting Bunkum

The betting forecasts, given in various daily papers, are absolute bunkum. In some cases they hit the right nail on the head as they are based on form and springers are absent. It is interesting to note that the premier sporting paper, the *Sporting Life and Sportsman*, does not give a betting forecast. In fact, on several occasions this paper has commented on the absurdity of these prices.

What Happened at Windsor

The little table below, taken from a sporting edition of one of the dailies, shows what happened at Windsor, when racing was resumed.

Quoted First Favourite.	Actual Position and S.P.
First Race.—POLIZEI 5 to 2.	Non-runner.
Second Race.—TIM, 100 to 30.	Second favourite, 9 to 2.
Third Race.—GLANMORE, 6 to 4.	Joint second, third and fourth favourite, 4 to 1.
Fourth Race.—PANTAGRUEL II, 11 to 4.	Non-runner.
Fifth Race.—POMME DE GUERRE, 9 to 4	Favourite, 10 to 11.
Sixth Race.—RUDDY GLOW, 1 to 4.	Favourite, 1 to 5.

Thank You, Gimcrack

In my opinion, Mr. Gerald Deane, the excellent manager of Lord Astor's racers, made a good suggestion at the Gimcrack Dinner, when he advocated that French horses competing in handicaps over here should have run previously. Providing, of course, that they take part in weight-for-age races, the handicapper could get a line on their capabilities.

Classic Winners Pitched In

On Masked Marvel's French form the handicapper could not have given him a pound more than he did, but there is no denying that Sir Gallahad and Tapin, both classic winners, were pounds underweighted in the Lincolns which they won. Mr. Deane's suggestion was a rule many years ago, but was dropped. I think it is worth another trial.

More Long-distance Races

Lord Astor's racing manager also asked for more long-distance races. I have put forward this suggestion in my notes on several occasions, as the only means of competing with the invaders. In the season just over nearly two thousand races were decided. If you check a guide-book you will find that about thirty of these races were two miles and over. The percentage is not high enough if our horses are to compete with stayers taking part in races of three and three and a half miles.

The Jumping Game Needs Big Men

Lord Glanely's jumpers, Sunderland and Treasurer, have not, so far, made their appearance over timber, but I understand that they are useful. I hope Lord Glanely intends to take a live interest in the winter sport, as it needs a number of big men. Lord Derby's support would be very much appreciated, but his remarks at the end of the Flat that he was glad the season was over because people who asked him for public tips wanted his blood when they did not win, are not very promising. If Ireland's Hope could win a 'chase for him it might do the trick.

Lord Glanely, who has joined the list of owners of jumpers

Racecourse Names

I hope Mr. Tattenham, the gentleman from U.S.A. who seems very concerned because Tattenham Corner is not so-called after him, will not go deeper into the question. We shall have Mr. Rowley Mile, Mr. Abingdon Bottom, and others raising Cain before long.

> "Don't condemn Desert Chief because of his Birmingham failure. He was beaten by a smasher in White Mountain."
>
> The above is an extract from JOHN BULL on sale December 9. Desert Chief won at Windsor on December 10 at 7 to 1.

A Winter Time Occupation

"What do jockeys do in the winter time?" a fair punter asked me the other day. My reply, "They get married," was a safe response in view of the fact that H. Beasley, "Bobbie" Jones, and Dick Perryman have all been joined in wedded bliss since the end of the Flat.

Bookies Not Wanted

In France they have been holding mass meetings to discuss the demand for the return of bookmakers to courses. The emphatic opinion of the majority at all the meetings was that the bookies are not wanted. Evidently the Pari-Mutuel does give satisfaction to the general body of racegoers.

Fetched his Weight in Gold.

I mentioned last week that Sir Gallahad had been sold to America for a price bordering on £60,000. A statistical fiend tells me that at the present value of gold the horse has been sold for far more than his weight in the precious metal.

Three Sons of Teddy

That unlucky owner, Capt. Jeff Cohn, has hopes of being in the running for one of the big classics next season with one or other of three colts by Teddy, his favourite sire. He was keenly disappointed over the failure of Ptolemy and is as keen as ever about winning. By the way, Ptolemy should not be left out of account for the Lincolnshire. One of the biggest ante-post layers in the country persists in leaving this horse's name out of his list of probable entries, but he is still quoting Gorey as a 200 to 1 chance for the National. Gorey must be a skeleton by now. He has been dead for months.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle, Midday Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Mail, The Sheffield Mail.

2 A U R T K J C W X V 3 Z G

L M H F E Y P N I B S O Q D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

EFHAJNMFG would read TRUMP CARD.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 16, to Tuesday, December 22.

"SILVER RING."

If you really want
RELIABLE RACING NEWS
You must read
The Sporting Life and Sportsman

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Huddersfield, Sheffield U., Derby, Lincoln, Crystal Place, Plymouth.
5 HOME.—Huddersfield, Tottenham, Darlington, Derby, Aberdeen.
4 HOME.—Bury, Sheffield U., Bradford C., Lincoln.
3 AWAY.—Grimsby, Dundee, Glasgow Rangers.
3 DRAWS.—Barnsley v. Preston, Brentford v. Reading, Hamilton v. St. Mirren.
3 HOME 2 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Derby, Lincoln, Middlesbrough, Dundee.
1 HOME 1 AWAY 1 DRAW.—Sheffield U., Accrington, Motherwell v. Hearts.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 26

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Burnley, Everton, Leicester, Newcastle, Tottenham, West Bromwich.
AWAY WINNER.—Bury.
DRAWS.—Bolton v. Manchester U., Huddersfield v. Sunderland, Notts County v. Arsenal.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Chelsea, Derby, Hull, Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, Preston, Southampton, Sheffield Wednesday.
AWAY WINNER.—Swansea.
DRAW.—Wolverhampton v. Oldham.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III.
(NORTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Bradford, Chesterfield, Crewe, Doncaster, Halifax, Rochdale, Wigan.
AWAY WINNERS.—Accrington, Nelson.
DRAWS.—Hartlepools v. Ashington, Wrexham v. Lincoln.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III.
(SOUTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Brentford, Bristol R., Charlton, Crystal Palace, Northampton, Plymouth, Southend, Swindon.
AWAY WINNER.—Merthyr.
DRAW.—Luton v. Gillingham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Dundee, Falkirk, Queen's Park, Raith R., Glasgow Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Celtic.
DRAWS.—Clydebank v. Hamilton, Hearts v. St. Mirren.

Selections

FELLOWS WIRELESS

All Fellows Apparatus can be inspected at 20, Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., and 34, Bridlesmith Gate, Nottingham.

BUY BY POST
SAVE 6/8 IN THE £1

Under the new policy recently inaugurated by the Fellows Magneto Co., the middleman's profit has been entirely eliminated, and all the well-known products of this firm are now offered to the public at what are **practically Trade Prices.** All goods are fully guaranteed and sent on **Seven Days' Approval** against Cash. Goods also are sent packing free, carriage forward, unless postage is stated. This is a unique opportunity and one which the judicious purchaser cannot afford to miss. Fill in the coupon to-day and post to us.

Order early to be sure of delivery in time for Christmas. Our works will be closed from Wednesday Evening (Dec. 23rd) to Monday (Dec. 28th).

THE LITTLE GIANT TWO-VALVE SET.

Easily the cheapest and most efficient two-valve set on the market. Combines ease of operation, simplicity of tuning and extreme selectivity. Has given entire satisfaction to thousands of listeners.

Set complete includes H.T. Battery (9/-), 6-v. Accumulator (22/-), 2 Louden Valves (4/6 each), Aerial and Insulators (3/6), and FELLOWS JUNIOR LOUD-SPEAKER as illustrated (19/6).

Set only ... **£3 15 0**

Set complete **£6 15 0**

Marconi Royalty paid.

THE VOLUTONE LOUD-SPEAKER.

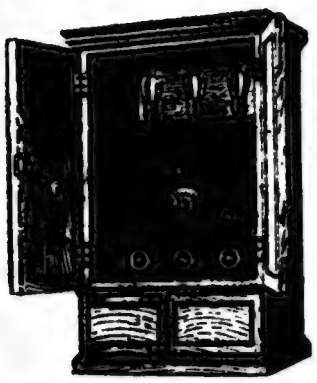
Without doubt the finest value obtainable in Loud-Speakers. **The adjustable diaphragm** gives you the rich clear tones associated with instruments of several times the price. In addition its pleasing lines and graceful proportions make it one of the most attractive-looking Loud-Speakers on the market.

Price **55/-**

THE FELLOPHONE THREE-VALVE GRAND.

One of the outstanding successes of the Fellows Company. An ingenious circuit arrangement obtains for it the full power and range of a four-valve set at the far lower initial cost and running expenses of an ordinary three-valve set.

Its handsome cabinet, which is fitted with folding doors, provides an exceptionally attractive setting for it, and eliminates entirely the untidiness usually associated with wireless sets. The set complete comprises H.T. Battery, 6-v. Accumulator (25/-), 1 pair of Headphones (11/6), 3 Louden Valves (4/6 each), Aerial and Insulators (3/6).



Set only **£11 17 6**

Set complete **£14 10 0**

Marconi Royalty paid.

The above sets can be obtained on **Deferred Payments.** Write for full particulars.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, which tells you how you can save 6/8 in the pound on all your wireless requirements.

To THE FELLOWS MAGNETO CO., LTD., Cumberland Avenue, Park Royal, Willesden, N.W.10.

Herewith Remittance Value.....

Please forward me.....

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on conditions as per your advertisement.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Please write clearly in **BLOCK LETTERS** and register Cash or Treasury Notes.

J.B. 19.12.25.

E.P.S. 200.

CICFA

Removes The Cause of

INDIGESTION

in both Stomach and Bowel

Because It Supplies the

Natural Digestive Ferments

The Cause of Indigestion is always lack of Natural Digestive Ferments in the Stomach and in the Bowel.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Stomach, the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., are not digested, with consequent Heartburn, Acidity and Feeling of Fullness.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Bowel, the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes and bananas, are not digested there, with consequent Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, and the misery of Constipation.

When CICFA is taken, Digestion becomes normal in both Stomach and Bowel, with gradual disappearance of that Feeling of Fullness, Acidity, Flatulence and Constipation, because CICFA SUPPLIES the NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

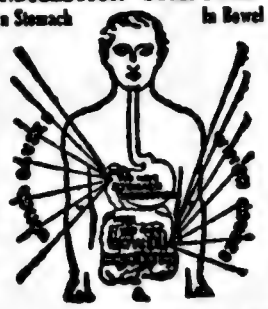
That is why CICFA REMOVES THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

In Stomach

- GASES with eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
- ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
- TONGUE coated white all over.
- COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
- EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
- PAINS darting through Chest.
- Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

In Bowel



- GASES in BOWEL, or Flatulence.
- Dull Heavy HEADACHES.
- ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- TONGUE coated yellow at back.
- COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
- EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

Merton House, Newmarket.

"Dear Sirs,—I really must congratulate you upon your marvellous Cicfa, which as a remedy for Indigestion stands alone.

I have been a chronic sufferer for years, during which period I have tried practically everything obtainable, but beyond getting a little relief for an occasional hour or so, I experienced no appreciable results until I was advised by a friend to give your preparation a trial.

This I did, and the first tube convinced me that I was in possession of something quite out of the ordinary. I continued the treatment and took in all five tubes, and I can safely say that I not only found relief, but a permanent cure. I say permanent, because it is now seven weeks since I finished the fifth tube, and I have not had the slightest recurrence of any of the previous distressing symptoms, notwithstanding that I now eat food that would have been entirely out of the question three months ago. Cicfa has restored my health completely, and I cannot recommend it in a too emphatic manner. It is all you claim for it—and more. Yours faithfully,

"HARRY McGALLA."

19,006 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 and 3/-.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W. 1.

John Bull 19/12/25

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

NINETY-NINE out of every hundred people are industrious and honest. But there is the hundredth one, who lives by his wits and is a fraud. Unfortunately, this individual finds many victims, who encounter difficulty in escaping from his toils.

To help such is the aim of our Free Advice Service. Send particulars with stamped addressed envelope for the best counsel.

M. T. (Hornsea).—"I'll tell you what my wife says." Sorry, but we haven't a couple of pages to spare.

M. H. (Hastings).—"I must have been dotty to take this house without discovering that it had a leakage in the roof." Yes—you seem to have a tile off.

T. S. (Shrewsbury).—"My son, though only sixteen, insists that he is old enough to begin shaving." Many boys start their scrapes much earlier than that.

P. B. (Earlsfield).—"This Government is only undoing what the previous Government did." That shouldn't take long.

N. T. (Twickenham).—"Why don't you print the story I sent you?" For one reason, the real author might object.

B. F. (Hindhead).—"Every man has some sort of handicap." Yes; we sympathise with you regarding your initials.

H. H. (Bridlington).—"Can a cat run faster than a dog?" Our office puss can do a lot of laps to the minute.

A. R. (Leeds).—"Steady progress on the journey of life brings success." Quite right. Don't sit on your milestones.

H. N. (Bedford).—"I mean to shout my message to all the papers of England." Judging by your watery ink you're writing in a whisper.

F. H. (Wigan).—"I've written a popular song but can't get it published." Whatever made you think it was popular?

K. H. (Buckingham).—"I'm going to the Scilly Islands for a holiday." The balmy air should just suit you.

G. N. (Richmond).—"I caught him cheating at a fishing competition." You doubtless pointed out that it was angling—not wangling.

H. F. (Iver).—"I've been a plumber, carpenter, painter and bootmaker." What are you going to do now? Stick to your last?

S. D. (Grimsby).—"Antique dealers can make new furniture look as if it is a century old." So can most children.

C. W. (Letchworth).—"Smoking a pipe makes me calm and complacent." The more you fume the less you fret!

TOM H. (Pontefract).—"Where are there any really good people to-day?" In the cemeteries, if the epitaphs are anything to go by.

J. O. (Castleton).—"Ill-health always assails the weakest spot." We're always sorry for a victim to headaches.

LAURIE (Bolton).—"It's becoming impossible to go out in my car without being waylaid by girls." Better misses in the car than misses in the cylinder.

J. W. R. (Harrow).—"A good many new houses are going up in these parts." But isn't that the only sort going up anywhere?

SPORTSMAN (Ingleton).—"Whenever I go fishing he sets his dog on to me." Possibly he is doing his best to ensure you having a bite.

M. P. (Swansea).—"After all what is laughter?" What a pompous man hears when he falls on the ice before the crowd.

D. G. (Luton).—"The way my wife can souse herrings is wonderful!" Ours is a nice souse, ours is!

V. E. (Haxton).—"It's difficult to sing in a stuffy basement." What you want is an airier aria area.

Miss S. (Sutton Coldfield).—"In olden days men were more respectful and scarce dare kiss a lady's hand." Even now kisses on the hand are entirely out of place.

F. G. (Hampstead).—"Is there an opening in your office for a bright, topical poet?" Yes, at the foot of the stairs and close it as you go out.

G. H. I. (Leeds).—"Many men never get a glimpse of luck." Because they don't recognise it in the cloak of hard work.

Mrs. S. (Bedford).—"That rich man I told you of no longer pays any attention to my daughter." We congratulate you on pulling off the marriage.

D. F. C. (Dartford).—"Believe me, my heart is full." No doubt—but it's your head that seems to be the trouble.

L. E. (Sunderland).—"A lawyer is going to play the giant in our amateur pantomime." When he says "Fee-fi-fo-fum!" we know where he'll put the accent.

E. M. (Highgate).—"It makes me simply furious that I can't get my songs published. I know I am a good composer." Then why not compose yourself?

DAISY B. (Ladbroke Grove).—"I am on the stage and just manage to make a bare living." Then keep clear of Birmingham!

Mrs. T. (Dulwich).—"Palms should be sponged with water every day." We know some which require well oiling.

J. G. B. (Oxford).—"I don't see why children should ever be named after their parents." It's obvious that the parents must be named first.

Mrs. L. (Ealing).—"Tradesmen seem to be in league to charge higher prices for everything." It certainly seems a "put up" job.

R. H. (Exeter).—"If drink ruins the man, vanity ruins the girl." The glass is at the bottom of it, in both cases.

P. A. (Newcastle).—"One always finds the wife engaging the maid." Of course. The husband might find the maid engaging

E. J. (Northampton).—"I mean to get into that *Bullets* "Big Five." Then you'll have to hurry up—it will soon be the *Bullets* "Big Ten."

S. R. P. (Aberystwyth).—"A butcher's business seems to me a very gambling one." Yes; and we know one of them who sometimes deals in rather high steaks.

MARJORIE K. (Dover).—"She used to be my friend until I had occasion to give her some advice." Perhaps she took it.

The Friday Smile

MONDAY'S child is black and glum,
The week-end's over and work has come.
Tuesday's child thinks life's a bubble,
Fret and worry and trial and trouble.
Wednesday's child is sad and drear,
Got no money for baccy or beer.
Thursday's child begins to hark
And puts more zest in all his work.
Friday's child is full of vim,
Say what you like but you can't vex *him*.
With features smiling and eyes a-glow
He hurries to buy *The Passing Show*.

THE SHOWMAN.

"HE-MAN" (Shipton).—"Women don't appeal to me." No doubt, as usual, they tell you instead.

T. P. (Newcastle).—"Intelligence has just reached me——" Better late then never!

M. T. (Purley).—"The modern flapper displays sense." And that's not all.

H. N. (Chelsea).—"Coal is merely compressed wood." This somewhat shakes the popular theory that it is made of asbestos.

F. M. (Dorchester).—"My wife isn't good at pastry, but she always insists on making the mince-pies herself." We fear you have hard times ahead.

JULIE (Earl's Court).—"She goes out with her face painted up and doesn't seem to realise how awful it looks." What blooming cheek!

DONALD C. (Bournemouth).—"She gave me an icy stare in return." And that chilled your melting glances, eh?

"INVALID" (Molesey).—"I am going to write a strong article against mustard-plasters." You'll feel better when you've got that off your chest.

T. T. R. (S.W.15).—"I read a paper at our debating society." Wasn't that rather disrespectful to the speakers?

A. J. N. (Denton).—"My wife is only four feet tall, but she's been all round the world with me." With you, then, a little goes a long way.

"DUBIOUS" (Stoke).—"I'm undecided whether to be a hairdresser or a writer." Toss for it—heads or tales?

"WALKER" (Hanwell).—"Five miles daily before breakfast is a pretty good stretch, eh?" Yes—of imagination, we suspect.

Mrs. F. (Bolton).—"A skirt worn by my eldest daughter at the age of eight is still in the family." Just about the right length still for her, we presume.

Mrs. T. (Keighley).—"Nice-looking women are always so horribly conceited." We find no trace of conceit in your letter.

G. H. S. (Hayes).—"Houses made of sawdust slabs are to be erected in London." We felt that fretworkers would ultimately produce something useful.

G. N. (Chester).—"Are wireless announcers family men?" We think they must be, judging by the easy familiarity with which they say "Good-night, everybody."

D. H. (Ongar).—"We don't want the Americans' Prohibition law here. They can keep it." That's just the trouble—they can't keep it.

D. F. (Rochester).—"What are the duties of the best man?" He's supposed to see that the couple are hitched up without a hitch.

A. L. (Wanstead).—"When my boy comes home from school he refuses to sit down and be quiet." Perhaps he can't sit down.

A. V. (Hadfield).—"I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately." Well, don't come and smoke that sort round here.

P. T. (Wakefield).—"The manager at my bank is rather short with me." Perhaps your account is rather short with him.

S. T. (London, W.)—"I enjoy long walks under any conditions." Ever try strolling backwards up a Tube escalator that is going down?

M. T. (Linwood).—"I pick the winner by shutting my eyes and making a hole in the list with a pin." Why not use a fork and get the first three?

P. G. (Luffenham).—"He doesn't know that the girl he walks out with is married." Then he's courting trouble.

F. S. (Wellingborough).—"It's a pleasure to write to you." And it's a pleasure for us to—— No! Truth at all costs!

B. L. (Bolton).—"He's the laziest husband I've ever seen." Perhaps when he's dead he'll still leave everything to his wife.

T. L. (Dover).—"It's beautiful to see a young girl growing up into womanhood." It is. Especially as nowadays many seem to grow up into manhood.

L. G. (Nantwich).—"Our grandmothers put their savings into old woollen stockings." Their grandaughters put their savings into new Russian boots.

JACK L. (Golders Green).—"I find it almost more than I can afford, taking my girl out, as she always wants to go to expensive places." She must be a "little dear."

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Christmas—Health and Happiness

HEALTH and Happiness—see that the two go together this Christmas. They will if you have an abundance of fresh fruit on the festive board. It adds to the Christmas joy to see the piled-up dishes of Apples, Oranges, Pears and Grapes. Above all, the life-giving juices of fruit are your Christmas health assurance. A tonic for the digestion. A necessity for keeping the blood pure. Also make your lemonade with fresh lemons and you will have the most healthful and refreshing of drinks.

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AND KEEP FIT

£50 FRUIT RECIPE COMPETITION

Entry form and particulars in book "Fruit and Health." Ask your fruiterer for it. Price 3d. It contains 80 pages of valuable advice by a well-known medical man, and nearly 200 fruit recipes, etc. If unable to obtain a copy, send us your fruiterer's name and address with 2d. in stamps and a copy will be sent post free.

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This is the world's greatest Gramophone Bargain offer. Every instrument is made entirely in the Graves Gramophone Factory, and warranted to be thoroughly dependable in performance.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES are unsurpassed for tone-quality and exceptionally smooth and silent running. They reproduce all classes of needle records with amazing fidelity and charm.

GREAT BARGAIN OPPORTUNITY.

WE DELIVER either of these models (Hornless or Horn machine, according to your order) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders on receipt of 5/- now. If you are entirely satisfied with the Gramophone after you have received and tried it in your own home, the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/- Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

THE GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE has a strikingly handsome cabinet, beautifully polished, size 16½ x 14 x 7¾ins. and is fitted with a mechanically perfect silent-running motor with worm drive. Nickel plated fittings and taper tone-arm, and super-sensitive reproducer of excellent strength. Quality guaranteed. **£3:0:0**
Terms:—5/- with order, and 11 monthly payments of 5/-

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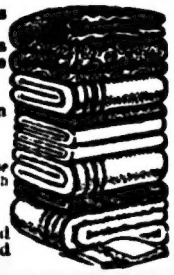

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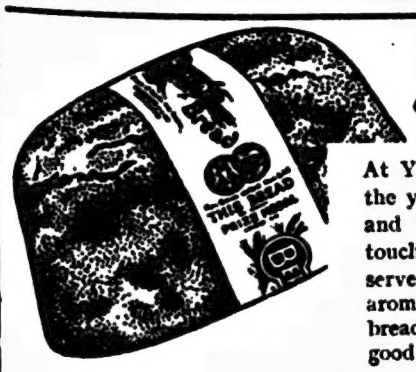

Xmas Fare

At Yuletide, more than any other time of the year, our thoughts turn to good fare—and "Bermaline" Bread gives just that touch of completeness to the most perfectly served meal. Delightful flavour—delicate aroma—perfect crust—"Bermaline" is the bread most appreciated by all who enjoy good fare. It should be served at every meal.

"Bermaline" Bread

Write Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., "Bermaline" Factory, Ibrox, Glasgow, for name and address of your nearest "Bermaline" Baker.

"The Gift he will value."

Think what a "Terry" Saddle means . . . years of saddle comfort and ease; absolutely smooth riding at all speeds and on all roads, a spinal nerve protection against jolts and jars. He will be not only surprised but delighted to think that you chose such a sensible lasting present. For the lady cyclist or motor-cyclist it makes an equally strong appeal.

If difficult to buy locally, order from us, and we will see that you get it in good time for Christmas.

Lady's, Gent.'s and C.T.C. Cycle Models, 25/-.

Motor Cycle Models

14 in. by 14 in.	31/6
13 in. by 13 in.	45/6
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Give rider's weight when ordering.

TERRY

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Herbert Terry & Sons, Ltd., Redditch, Eng. Est. 1855.

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Influenza and pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, rub on Musterole.

A clean, white ointment, Musterole relieves congestion (which is what a cold really is) as effectively as the old-fashioned mustard plaster, but without the blister.

Use Musterole for sore throat, pleurisy, congestion, cold on the chest, sprains, chilblains and sore muscles.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

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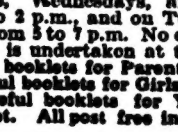

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Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret House, 1 Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

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THE CROSS IN XMAS

by "Humanist"

DO you write it "Xmas" or "Christmas"? It is characteristic of the hurried and heedless age in which we live that so many people cannot trouble themselves to write the word "Christmas" in full. They expunge the name of Christ, and they put in its place a Cross.

Unwittingly, perhaps, in doing so, they are expressing a wonderful truth. A birthday is usually an occasion of joyful celebration, but if we could foresee all the clouds that gather over the cradle we might come sooner to a true appreciation of the responsibilities of life.

I should like every reader during this time of festivity to spare a thought for the homes where rejoicing is overshadowed by sorrow, where the advent of a new life means an additional burden for shoulders already bent with care.

If you could accompany us as we carry succour from the "The Greatest of These——" Fund to those who are in distress you would realise as never before what shadows hang about the cradles of the poor, what suffering may await many a new-born child

WHILE you gather round your cheerful hearth and make merry with the good things laid in store for the occasion, while the happy laughter of your children makes music in your ears, there are mothers sitting in tumbledown tenements that are little better than stables, watching with anxious eyes the flickering light of life as their ill-nourished infants toss restlessly in straw-filled crates or orange-box cradles which cannot but remind them of a manger.

Many a time I have seen the faces of these martyr-mothers light up with a strange joy as a gift from "The Greatest of These——" Fund has come to help them just when they were about to abandon the struggle for existence, and has restored their faith in humanity.

There need be no relaxation of our rejoicing at this season if we remember the duty that is laid upon everyone who is happy to relieve want and misery.

Your joy will be increased tenfold if, before you sit down in comfort, you send us a subscription to enable us to carry light into dark places on your behalf.

Don't wait until to-morrow; do it to-day.

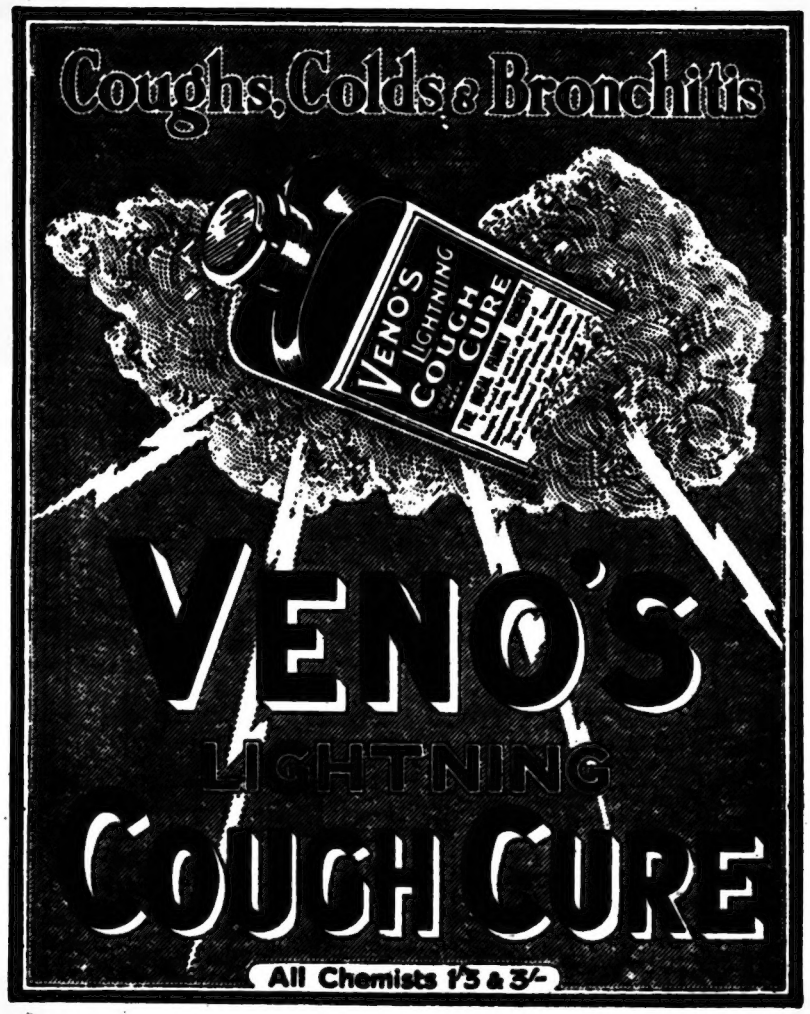
"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Anon., parcel; Mrs. T. McLaren, parcel; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Bulleteer, 1s.; M. Gow, 6d.; A. Dunn, 6d.; L. Shaw, 6d.; Minnie (Cameldale), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Hewitson, 6d.; F. Collingbourne, 6d.; A. Jones, 1s.; Ucalite, 2s.; Mrs. Alice Longley, 6d.; M. A. Preston, 1s.; Bulleteer, 6d.; Anon., 6d.; W. Taylor, 4d.; A. Baxter, 6d.; Mrs. Gregory, 6d.; R. P. R., 2s.; G. F. Powell, 5s.; "Miss Is Right," 5s.; Norton, 2s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Roman Catholic, £5; Marion, £5; C. F. R., 1s.; From One Who Would Turn All Women Out of Men's Jobs, 2s.; From One More Fortunate Than Many, 11s. 6d.; H. E. M., 1s.; Old Reader (Shetland), 5s.; L. Liddicoat, 2s.; Mrs. L. Catria-Navarre, 2s.; "In His Name," 10s.; M. S., 1s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; Friday's Ninth, 1s.; Poppy, 1s.; Mrs. H. J., 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A Wellwisher, 18s. 9d.; A. Thom, 2s.; "Crystal," 5s.; Mrs. Jones, 5s.; Truly Hopeful, 1s. 6d.; A. O. H., £2; "Stamps," 1s.; "Greetland," 1s.; "Grey Dawn," 10s.; Devizes, 1s.; Living In Hopes, 1s.; Oldham, 2s. 3d.; Mugs, 6d.; W. Fox, 9d.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.



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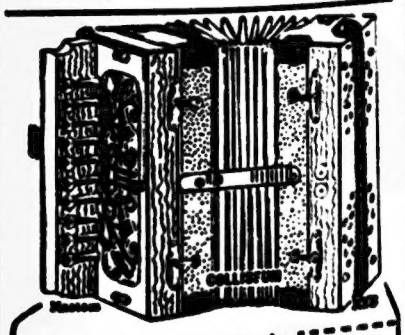

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Example:—MOTHER'S LOVE
Bullet:—"LOTS" OFFERED WITHOUT "RESERVE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. E. SINISTER, 77, King Street, Leigh, Lancs.
Example:—AMBITIOUS
Bullet:—"MIDNIGHT OIL" REPLACING "FLAMES."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. H. V. COLDRON, 14, Buckenham Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.
Example:—TRICK OF THE TRADE
Bullet:—GIVING OVERWEIGHT—UNTIL OVERCROWDED

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Mr. R. SINCLAIR, 109, Paisley Road West, Glasgow.
Example:—LITTLE BY LITTLE
Bullet:—BORE "WARMING"—AUDIENCE "MELTING."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mrs. M. E. SMITH, 56, Rutland Road, Ilford.
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10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. A. M. CHAPPELL, 74, Oakfield Road, Southgate, N. HARD CASH—"GROWS WINGS"—ON HOSPITALS.
J. A. CRAIG, 74, Dalston Road, Carlisle. MY TURN—"NO *Vegetables* BY REQUEST."
E. HAYLOR, 18, King Street, Arundel, Sussex. GENUINE ARTICLE—"AS *Mothers* SEE US."
D. JONES, 14, Inglefield Avenue, Heath, Cardiff. HER SLAVE—CRITICISES HER HELPLESSNESS LATER.
S. LAMBERT, 77, Alderson Road, Gt. Yarmouth. WILLING HORSE—TAXPAYER—BUT NOT TRACTOR.
A. H. LAW, 10, Southbrook Road, Norbury, S.W. LITTLE BY LITTLE—BY LESS, MODERN ROOM. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
N. G. PENDREY, 8, Ray's Road, Edmonton, N. WHAT THE BURGLAR SAID—"DON'T SCREAM YET, KATE."
T. ROSS, 29, Moreton Place, Pimlico, S.W. MOTHER'S LOVE—"JEWEL" POOR "SETTING" ENHANCES.
R. W. SANDERS, 64, Wyndham Road, Canton, Cardiff. WHERE HE WENT WRONG—HENPECK'S TAKEN EVERY SUNDAY.
Mrs. G. STAMFORD, 103, Wolseley Street, Reading. UNLUCKY—COMEDIAN—JOKES TOURING FIRST.

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H. CORBIN, Bradpole, Bridport, Dorset. HIS EXCUSE—"WORN OUT THROUGH OVERWORK."
A. DAWTREY, III, Battinson Road, Halifax. IF WIFE WAS PREMIER—NEIGHBOURS COULDN'T BEAT *That*.
W. I. ELLIOTT, Ballyvaughan, Galway. CLEVER CHAP—FLAPPER MEANS CLEVER DANCER.
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C. E. PAIGELT, 10, Devon Grove, Sculcoates Lane, Hull. HOME TEAM—"PLAYING AWAY," CREATED EMPIRE.
W. ROBINSON, 5, Offa Street, Johnstown, Wrexham. A LONG STORY—ESQUIMO EXPLAINS NIGHT OUT.
C. S. M. SMITH, 64, East Square, Aldershot. WILLING HORSE—FATHER LEARNING LATEST TANGO.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

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EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 586.

MY CHRISTMAS-BOX
MERRY AND BRIGHT
GOOD CHEER
IN HER STOCKING
A WHITE LIE
NO EXCUSE
WELL WRAPPED UP
MY LIFE
SWEET YOUNG THING
QUICK WORK
LOOKING FOR HUSBAND
HEARD AT THE CINEMA
SUSPICIOUSLY
SEEN AT HOME
A HOWLER
GOOD AS GOLD
FIRST BLOW
IN HER DIARY
LAUGHING
MORE OR LESS
AFTER CHRISTMAS
AT THE DENTIST'S
WHAT THE PAPER SAID
HELPING HER
ENOUGH TO DO
HEIGHT OF FASHION
HIS SHIRT
WHEN FATHER'S ABOUT
THANKS TO THE DOLE
UNDER THE MISTLETOE
SHOULD BE ABOLISHED
WHAT IS A GIRL?

D. Lloyd, 1, Dyke St., Twynyrodyn, Merthyr Tydfil; G. Lomas, 20, Graham St., Nottingham; T. Lupton, 143, Nelson St., South Bank, Yorks; A. M. Lynne, 228, Henley Rd., Ilford; W. Macpherson, 90, Kirk St., Peterhead, N.B.; Miss E. May, 35, Lime Grove, Newark; W. McDevitte, Eden Terr., Strabane; G. McDonald, 6, Grantly St., Shawlands, Glasgow; R. W. Merriman, 244, Victoria Park Rd., London, E.; W. Morrison, Shore St., Drummore, nr. Stranraer; Mrs. E. Neville, 125, Nelson Rd., Whitton, Twickenham; W. Nichols, Lutterworth Rd., Burbage, nr. Hinckley; D. Noakes, 44, Ringwood Rd., Eastbourne; R. North, 46, Bevenden St., Hoxton, N.; F. Nurse, 33, Harrow Rd., Leytonstone; P. O'Neill, 20, Upper Dominick St., Dublin; Miss A. Page, 76, Byron St., Northampton; J. Palmer, 48, Station Rd., Strood, Kent; R. A. Parry, 15, St. John's Rd., Wrexham; W. Reynolds, 18, Luton St., Bolton; H. E. Ridgard, 15, Edward St., St. Annes-on-Sea; F. Ridout, 1a, Anhalt Rd., Battersea, S.W.; W. Robertson, 82, Annar Rd., Gretna; Mrs. M. Roger, 17, Firs Glen Rd., Bournemouth; Miss H. A. Roy, 6, Linden Pl., Glasgow; W. Rundle, 29, Linden Rd., Bristol; W. Sanderson, 47, Verdon St., Sheffield; Mrs. L.

(*Continued on page 6.*)

TURKEY WINNERS.—A complete list of 300 Turkey Winners in Competition No. 583 will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamped and addressed envelope. This list, together with 200 5/- Prize-winners, will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." A list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

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Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any **Two, Three or Four Words**, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

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Example:—THE DOLE Bullet:—FEEDS MAN—STARVES MANHOOD
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Example _____
Bullet _____
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